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# THE REPUBLICAN.

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## EMMA SHAY ACQUITTED OF MURDERING INFANT

### Jury Rendered Virdict of Not Guilty on Saturday.

### GIRL RETURNED HOME

**Before Going Back to Howard She Visited Moving Picture Show and Witnessed Scenes of Another Murder Trial and Death Chair.**

Emma Shay, of Howard, charged with responsibility for the death of an infant child, found in the rear of a Bellefonte rooming house some time ago, was last Saturday acquitted following a trial which was begun on Thursday afternoon. The young girl was formally tried on the charge of murder, the Grand Jury having indicted her for murder and also concealing the death of the child. The prosecution took up the murder charge, only. The trial of the case attracted a large attendance in the court room from beginning to end. To most persons, apparently, the girl's acquittal was not a surprise.

The testimony presented by the prosecution included little that had not been offered at the hearing following Emma Shay's arrest. District Attorney Fortney established the fact of the death of the child the finding of the body, the presence of Emma Shay at the rooming house for some days prior to the finding of the body; offered also the testimony of physicians who had examined her that she had recently become a mother.

The defense consumed little time in offering testimony. Emma Shay was not placed on the witness stand. Her mother testified that when Emma Shay visited home in November, 1913, she was in normal physical condition. A sister and several young girls, friends of the defendant, gave similar testimony. The child, which was fully developed and which the commonwealth alleged was her's was born in March, 1914, or four months from the time Emma Shay had visited home. Doubt was thereby established that the child was her's.

The court allowed each side one hour for argument to the jury. Clement Dale, with H. C. Quigley as an assistant counsel for Emma Shay, made the opening address, concluding his argument at noon on Saturday. When court reconvened after the noon recess District Attorney Fortney addressed the jury. Judge Orvis in his charge defined the different grades of homicide and gave general instructions to the jury as to their duties and powers. The jury retired at 2.05 o'clock, returning with a verdict of not guilty, at 4.05, just two hours later. There was considerable applause from the audience when the verdict was announced. When Emma Shay heard the verdict she stepped forward and shook hands with each juror. Before going to her home at Howard Saturday night she visited a moving picture show which happened to be presenting a murder trial and a scene in a death house. Many persons gathered at the railroad station to catch a glimpse of the girl when she boarded the night train for home.

As was anticipated, considerable difficulty was experienced in securing a jury to try Emma Shay. The entire panel of jurors was exhausted with but eleven accepted. The twelfth man had to be chosen from among a number called from the audience. In the selection of the jury the defendant exercised nineteen peremptory challenges, and the commonwealth twenty. There were fifteen challenges for cause. The jury as finally selected was as follows: George G. Parker, florist, Philipsburg; Joseph Beckenbach, farmer, Miles; Elmer Sunday, laborer, Ferguson; A. M. Vail, laborer, Philipsburg; Reuben Dumbleton, laborer, Rush; Joseph Swires, foreman, Philipsburg; H. P. Zerby, farmer, Walker; J. R. Harter, merchant, Penn; Irvin Smith, laborer, Haines; H. B. Parsons, carpenter, Patton; Fred Henry, laborer, South Philipsburg; Charles E. Yearick retired, Howard Borough, the last named being a talisman. The jury was completed and sworn at 9.40 on Friday morning.

The Misarasch case was concluded on Thursday at noon, at which time the jury retired. At 3.30 in the afternoon a verdict of guilty of voluntary manslaughter was returned, thereby marking the second conviction of Misarasch for the killing of little Annie Duke, at a wedding celebration near Cato.

The testimony of the Commonwealth was practically the same as at the former trial, varying possibly only as to some minor details, with some additional witnesses to corroborate, and the testimony of the defense running about the same as in the former trial, excepting that in the cross-examination of some of the Commonwealth's witnesses it was admitted that the defendant became scared, was pale, and looked white and seemed to be worried. This was emphasized by the witnesses on the part of defense, more so than at the former trial, and at least one of the witnesses for the defense testified by way of strengthening the defense of a conversation he had with an uncle of the deceaeed girl at the house of Misarosch on the day of the accident, that he had thrown the same kind of shells into the creek as he had been using, and an uncle of the defendant by marriage denying all conversation and statements testified to by the witnesses for the Commonwealth as to expressions made by the defendant, the Commonwealth having in addition to their former testimony, witnesses testify as to statements made by the defendant after his arrest ot Snow Shoe and at Bellefonte, to the effect that if he killed the girl he did not intend to do it. The testimony in this cause having been very largely detailed in this paper at the time of the former trial we do not deem it necessary to give a detailed statement thereof and have no knowledge at this time as to when the defendant may be sentenced.

The grand jury made their final report on Tuesday afternoon and were discharged. Their report being in substance, that they had passed on five bills of indictment, finding four of them true bills and ignoring one. That they had found the jail in good condition with the exception that they recommended the papering of the women's department in the jail and that the ceiling be plastered where the roof had leaked, and that the jail be spouted at the end or right hand side of the jail and recommend the repapering of the Sheriff's office, and further report that the spouting around the Court House and especially at the rear end should be repaired and recommend the raising of the main chimney on the Court House roof from five to six feet on account of draft and the soot and smoke settling around the building and the neighborhood.

Court convened on Monday morning, Judge W. N. Seibert of the 41st District of New Bloomfield on the bench with Judge Orvis.

The trial list was gone over and the following cases disposed of: Catherine A. Mulholland vs. M. D Kelly and Metthew Shaddock, being an action in trespass; continued:

Joseph Lawless vs. T. A. Shoemaker, being an action in assumpsit settled:

Comm. of Penna. ex rel W. Harrison Walker, guardian for Ruth N. Hubler, minor child of Frank Hubler, deceased, vs. Ellen E. Bower and J. J. Bower, administrators of etc. of C. M. Bower, deceased, with notice to Ellen E. Bower and J. J. Bower, heirs and legal representatives of C. M. Bower, deceased, as terre tenants, being an action to revive and continue the lien of a judgment. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $3123.11.

Charles H. Lee vs. W. T. Twitmire, administrator of etc. of Carrie E. Armstrong, deceased, being an action to revive and continue the lien of a judgment. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $290.80.

Nannie M. Gilliland, legatee under the last will and testament of James C. Gilliland late of College Township, deceased, vs. Edward Sellers, with notice to John N. Krumrine, trustee in bankruptcy of said Edward Sellers, being an action of foreclosure of mortgage. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $745.50.

William Weber, administrator of etc. of Anna A. Keigle, deceased vs. Elsworth E. Heverly, being an action of foreclosure on mortgage. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $975.55.

Harriet T. Kurtz vs. Frank A. McClain, administrator c. t. a. of etc. of Nora McClain, deceased, with notice to all terre tennants, being an action in foreclosure of mortgage. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $1399.90.

James A. McClain vs. Frank McClain, administrator c. t. a. of etc. of Nora McClain, deceased, being an action in assumpsit to recover money paid by the plaintiff. Verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $1337.90.

At this point Judge Seibert began to preside and took up the case of David McCloskey, Wm. Hoover, Margaret Miller, Rebecca Welsh, Martha B Iddings, Elsie Johnson, Adaline Wood, Jacob McCloskey, Emma Walker, Elizabeth S. Falls, Mary J. Sayer, Mary Mcloskey, P. B. Iddings, guardian of Emma McCloske, Ray McCloskey, Bernice McCloskey, minor children of Martin McCloskey, deceased, and Nathan W. McCloskey, Nettie Mann, Naomi Bowes, and Tillie Butler, minor child of Eliza Butler, vs. J. F. Young. This case being special to Judge Orvis, and was brought by the plaintiffs to recover a tract of land in Curtin Township. The first named

(Continued bottom of next column.)

## "SALLIE DERBY" TROTS ON LAST HOME STRETCH

### Irv. Gray's Famous Old Racer Died On Sunday.

### BROKE NECK IN FIELD

**Old Bay was Favorite on Track Years ago—Pneumonia Ended Racing Days at Baltimore—In jumping Fence Heels Caught Causing Fall.**

"Sallie Derby", Irv Gray's famous old trotter, and years gone by a favorite on the racing track, broke her neck while romping in pasture at the Stormstown racing stable last Friday evening and died on Sunday. The passing out of the prize winner of earlier days and a favorite of not only the Grays but everybody else in the Half-moon valley, occasioned no little regret. Among horsemen the death of the noted boy revived memories of many an exciting brush on the track.

Although she had outlived her racing days "Sallie Derby" was the most popular horse at the Gray stables and a great pet with the family. The bay had not been on the track for probably six years. She was eighteen years old when she died. She was stricken with pneumonia while racing on the old Baltimore track. She recovered but her illness marked the end of her palmy days as a trotter. The Grays, however, never gave her up. Her last few years were ones of ease.

On Sunday, last, Mr. Gray turned "Sallie Derby" loose in pasture. It seemed as if some of the fire of racing days suddenly inspired the bay and she romped over the fields as lively as a colt. Leaping a fence her heels caught and she landed on her head. Dr. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, the well known veterinarian, was summoned. He found that some small bones in the neck were broken. He pointed out that the horse might be saved by means of a swing, adding, however, that if she ever experience another fall it might result in instant death. Dr. Fry suggested that Dr. Nissley, of Bellefonte be called for further consultation and the latter went to Stormstown Monday morning for that purpose. Death came to the old racer on Sunday. "Sallie Derby" had gone down the home stretch for the last time.

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plaintiff being the life tenant and the remaining plaintiffs being the remaindermen, the land having originally been warranted and surveyed to David McCloskey and subsequently patented by the Comm. of Pa. to Joseph McCloskey, and at the death of the said Joseph McCloskey his will devised the lands to the children of David McCloskey subject to the use and occupancy of David McCloskey for and during his natural lifetime. The plaintiffs offered the papers showing this title to be in the remaindermen, with a life estate in David McCloskey the first named plaintiff. The defendant's testimony was to the effect that the taxes for the years 1907 and 1908 and 1909 were not paid and the collector being unable to collect the same returned the same to the Commissioners office, upon which there was a treasurer's sale in 1904 selling the lands to the County, the County subsequently in 1906 selling the same at public sale to J. K. Johnston who in 1910 by deed conveyed the same to this defendant. The testimony being further to the effect that on the day of the Commissioners sale the first named plaintiff requested Mr. Johnson not to allow the lands to be sold for less than the taxes and the costs, and Mr. Johnston bought the same at said sale and informed Mr. McCloskey that he could have the land upon the payment of the sum of $14.00. That he subsequently had conversations with the first named plaintiff informing him of what he should have the land for but that Mr. McCloskey never paid for it and he not having been attorney for the said McCloskey conveyed the same to the defendant. The plaintiffs took the position that the tax collector had not made his return to the County Commissioners as required by law and that therefore the treasurer's sale, as well as the subsequent sales, were invalid. The defendant taking the position that he had no knowledge of the improper return of the taxes and subsequent defective title, and that if a court and jury should hold that he was not entitled to the land he was entitled to the improvements put thereon by himself, and further that the senior Mr. Mcloskey had estopped himself from recovering his life estate. Verdict on Wednesday morning awarding the land to the children of David McCloskey with no right to possession thereof until after the death of David McCloskey and awarding the life estate to the defendant.

Advertise in "The Republican."

## SCOTT'S OFFICIAL LEAD OVER GRAMLEY IS 114

### Rebersburg Man Nominated On Prohibition Ticket.

### THREE VOTES DID IT

**Comparison of Primary Vote Shows Democrats Polled about 200 More Than Republicans, Due to Fight for Factional Supremacy.**

Following is the official count of the vote in Centre County for all candidates at the recent primaries:—

| | |
|---|---|
| **UNITED STATES SENATOR.** | |
| Henry Budd, D. | 440 |
| A. M. Palmer, D. | 1358 |
| Gifford Pinchot, W. | 190 |
| J. B. Dimmick, R. | 418 |
| Boies Penrose, R. | 1225 |
| Fred W. Whiteside, S. | 28 |
| M. F. Larkin, P. | 29 |
| **GOVERNOR.** | |
| Vance C. McCormick, D. | 1449 |
| Michael J. Ryan, D. | 401 |
| Chas. N. Brumm, W. | 72 |
| Wm. Draper Lewis, W. | 118 |
| M. G. Brumbaugh, R. | 1179 |
| Joseph Cauffiel, R. | 271 |
| Willard E. Ritter, R. | 65 |
| Edward R. Wood, R. | 91 |
| Joseph B. Allen, S. | 27 |
| Matthew H. Stevenson, P. | 28 |
| **LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.** | |
| Wm. T. Creasy, D. | 1363 |
| J. E. Jenkins, D. | 430 |
| Percy F. Smith, W. | 194 |
| Frank B. McClain, R. | 1083 |
| E. D. Powell, R. | 482 |
| F. J. Shaller, S. | 25 |
| H. J. Whalen, P. | 30 |
| **SECRETARY INTERNAL AFFAIRS.** | |
| Wm. N. McNair, D. | 593 |
| W. T. Mechling, D. | 649 |
| George H. Rowley, D. | 454 |
| Fred E. Lewis, W. | 193 |
| Henry Houck, R. | 1498 |
| R. B. Ringler, S. | 26 |
| C. W. R. Smith, P. | 29 |
| **CONGRESS-AT-LARGE.** | |
| Robert S. Bright, D. | 893 |
| M. J. Caton, D. | 795 |
| Arthur B. Clark, D. | 682 |
| Hugh E. Crilly, D. | 213 |
| Charles N. Crosby, D. | 350 |
| Wm. K. Meyers, D. | 453 |
| Frank J. Powers, D. | 258 |
| Luther B. Seibert, D. | 811 |
| John S. Shirley, D. | 694 |
| Samuel E. Shull, D. | 282 |
| Hugh S. Taylor, D. | 735 |
| Lex N. Mitchell, W. | 173 |
| A. R. Rupley, W. | 169 |
| A. H. Walters, W. | 169 |
| Harry Wasson, W. | 164 |
| W. D. B. Ainey, R. | 688 |
| T. S. Crago, R. | 585 |
| W. M. Dight, R. | 560 |
| Mahlon M. Garland, R. | 675 |
| Daniel F. Lafean, R. | 511 |
| A. J. Logan, R. | 543 |
| John B. Robinson, R. | 363 |
| John R. K. Scott, R. | 580 |
| Samuel I. Stover, R. | 615 |
| H. M. Warren, R. | 366 |
| Dennis Coughlin, S. | 24 |
| Edward W. Haydon, S. | 23 |
| W. S. G. Kintz, S. | 24 |
| Charles Sehl, S. | 24 |
| George Hart, P. | 28 |
| James J. Patton, P. | 25 |
| B. R. Pike, P. | 26 |
| S. Harper Smith, P. | 24 |
| **CONGRESS 19TH DIST.** | |
| E. R. Benson, D. | 886 |
| W. E. Tobias, D. | 679 |
| Guy B. Mayo, W. | 179 |
| C. H. Rowland, R. | 1352 |
| Frank C. Rittenhouse, S. | 28 |
| S. W. McLaren, P. | 26 |
| **STATE SENATOR.** | |
| Wm. Cronister, D. | 1309 |
| W. H. Patterson, D. | 493 |
| Alonzo S. Moulthrop, W. | 182 |
| A. A. Dale, R. | 919 |
| C. C. Hoover, R. | 231 |
| S. J. Miller, R. | 439 |
| C. C. Johnson, S. | 26 |
| Alonzo S. Moulthrop, P. | 27 |
| **ASSEMBLY.** | |
| D. W. Miller, D. | 1242 |
| J. A. Williams D. | 524 |
| H. H. Ashman, W. | 179 |
| C. L. Gramley, R. | 741 |
| H. B. Scott, R. | 855 |
| Daniel Wilkinson, S. | 6 |
| C. L. Gramley, P. | 3 |
| J. D. White, P. | 2 |
| **STATE COMMITTEE.** | |
| W. D. Zerby, D. | 1689 |
| J. L. Harris, R. | 1464 |
| Edward Wilson, S. | 3 |
| **SUPREME COURT JUSTICE. (NON PARTISAN)** | |
| George H. Bonner, | 432 |
| Gustive A. Endlich, | 657 |
| R. S. Frazer, | 258 |
| J. J. Kinter, | 409 |
| George Kunkel | 974 |
| Harold L. Robison, | 80 |
| Emery A. Walling | 321 |
| Wm. Wilhelm, | 96 |
| **SUPERIOR COURT.** | |
| James E. Clark | 645 |
| Albert M. Fuller, | 437 |
| Thomas J. Feather, | 492 |
| Frank M. Trexler, | 1419 |

**Prize Essay Contest.**

Monday afternoon, in the High School auditorium, the second annual W. C. T. U. prize essay contest was held, and many were the compliments bestowed upon the young participants—six girls and four boys of the first and second years of the High School—for the excellence of their papers on the great subject of Temperance in its various phases. Mrs. Harry Keller, Miss Rebecca Jacobs Mr. Andrew J. Cook served as judges. Miss Charlotte Reed, of Beech Creek, received the first prize, $5 in gold, awarded to the best girl contestant, her subject being the "Influence of Alcohol upon the Nervous System," A similar prize was awarded Lee Frazer of Bellefonte, for the best essay written by a boy, his subject being, "The National Government and the Trade in Intoxicants." Reba Krepps, writing on "Alcohol and Crime", and Russell Stickler received honorable mention. The several contestants wrote and read their essays under assumed names, as for instance, Miss Reed's nom de plume was "Loui Alcott", Lee Frazer's was "Herbert Rutherford"; Miss Krepps was "Emily Peggotty"; Russell Stickler was "Mark Gray." This served to add zest to the reading. The really delightful music furnished by the High School orchestra contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. "The Republican" will publish next week the essay read by Miss Krepps.

**Becker Again Convicted.**

Charles Becker the arch conspirator responsible for the Rosenthal murder which nearly two years ago awoke New York to a realization of corruption in the police department and opened a new era of police reform, was last week convicted for the second time.

Becker, once a police lieutenant, was found guilty of murder in the first degree. Only a pardon or interference again by the Court of Appeals can save him from following to the electric chair the four gunmen who shot Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, early on the morning of July 16, 1912. The jury decided that the gunmen were Becker's agents.

One ballot decided Becker's fate. It was taken almost immediately after the jurors returned from luncheon. It was unanimous for conviction. Tears streamed down the foreman's face as he announced the decision and tears stood in the eyes of several other jurymen, but sympathy did not warp their judgment. They had agreed that the corroboration which the district attorney failed to present at the first trial to support the stories of Rose, Vallon and Webber, the three accomplices who turned informers, had been furnished by the new witnesses at the second.

Becker's counsel announced that he would appeal and gained a week's stay for the preparation of his future campaign. The defendant was granted a short meeting with his wife and his brothers and then taken back to his cell in the Tombs.

**Normal School Commencement.**

Invitations are out for the annual commencement exercises of the Lock Haven State Normal School, which will be held Wednesday, June 24th. The commencement address will be delivered by W. E. Chambers, dean of the School of Education at the University of Pittsburgh, and a member of the class of '87 at the Lock Haven Normal. The baccalaureate sermon will be delivered at the Normal chapel Sunday evening, June 21st, by Rev. W. E. Harr, pastor of St. Luke's Reformed church, of Lock Haven. The Lock Haven Normal is gaining in prominence in educational circles with each year. Its graduates are actively identified with all professions and trades in home and foreign lands.

**Minister Weds.**

Rev. R. H. Colburn, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Cherry Tree, formerly located at Munson, was married on May 11th. at Harrisburg to Miss Anna Margaret Alleman, daughter of the late Horace Alleman, of Selinsgrove. Rev. A. S. Williams officiated.

**Horse Was Chloroformed.**

While George Barrett, a Nittany valley farmer, was attending the Lock Haven curb market last week his horse became ill. A veterinarian treated the horse for several days and finally chloroformed it.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL ASS'N. HAS TWO-DAY SESSION

### Annual Convention Held Tuesday and Wednesday.

### NEW OFFICERS NAMED

**Rev. McK. Reilley, of State College, Chosen President—Welfare of Boys and Girls Theme of Speakers—All Churches Represented.**

Pleasing successful in many ways was the annual convention of the Centre County Sunday School Association, held in the Presbyterian chapel, in Bellefonte, on Tuesday and Wednesday. At the conclusion of the sessions these officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—H. McK. Reilley, State College.

Vice President—Prof. John Hamilton, State College.

Secretary—Darius Waite, Bellefonte.

Financial Secretary—L. W. Nuttall, Philipsburg.

Considering the hot, sultry weather, the attendance was gratifyingly large. There was a total representation of 114 embracing the several churches, as follows: Methodist Episcopal, 34; Lutheran, 21; Reformed, 17; Presbyterian, 15; United Brethren, 12; United Evangelical, 8; Baptist, 4; Christian, 4; Friends, 1; Union, 1. Added to the foregoing should be a number of others who arrived for the Wednesday session.

Tuesday's initial meeting was opened at 2.15, with music led by C. Harold Lowden, of Philadelphia, who at once captured everybody with his happy way of doing things. After devotionals a hearty welcome was extended by Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, to which President C. L. Gramley responded. A strong point advanced by Mr. Gramley was that the conservation of the boys and girls is of greater importance than the conservation of natural resources.

Rev. Mr. Reilley occupied the first period, emphasizing the need of turning the children over to the best teachers obtainable. He dwelt at some length on the everlasting value of religious teaching of the children in the homes.

Following a conference on rural schools was held, led by Miss Martha Robison of Bloomsburg, a State worker; also a conference on town schools, at which W. G. Landes, State Secretary, talked in an interesting way. Mrs. McGirk gave a report and Miss Robison emphasized the need of a program for teaching primary grade children.

Mrs. Nuttall spoke on teachers training classes, saying that the system is easier to teach than the older kind and also produces greater efficiency. Dr. G. E. Hawes was the principal speaker at the evening session. He said the greatest work of the Sunday school is shaping children for the church. "Around the world with the Sunday school", with illustrations, was the subject of Mr. Landes, and this number proved to be one of the best of the two-day session.

At the Wednesday morning service devotionals were followed by reports of committees. Treasurer Lukenbach reported a balance in the treasury of 151.16. Secretary Nuttall submitted his report, and also read that of Mrs. Deininger, Rev. Mr. Zechman offered some remarks on Home Departments. Miss Robison then gave a talk on the obligations of the rural Sunday schools to check the dritt of young boys and girls to the city. Rev. Mr. Jones talked on how to bring back the Sunday school deserters. The election of officers was held at the afternoon session.

**Scientific Farm Training.**

Professor R. L. Watts, dean of the school of agriculture at The Pennsylvania State College, was one of the principal speakers at the annual meeting last Saturday of the Blair County Farm Bureau, held at Altoona. The meeting was largely attended by farmers from all sections of that county. In his address Professor Watts delved deeply into the science of farming, illustrating the great possibilities if conducted along intelligent and scientific lines. The speaker showed the importance of studying agriculture, and of a college education for the farmer, to acquire modern farming. As all cannot go to college, he said, the college must be sent out to the people, and farm agents are working hard and securing excellent results among the farmers teaching them to bring their farms up to the highest state of cultivation. Professor Watts told of entering State college, for the wishes of his father, who thought a college course would be of no use to him. But that when he returned home to the farm, he showed his father that he had learned a number of things, so much so, that with his knowledge, he developed the farm to such an extent, that its producing power was increased to a wonderful extent, that was impossible under the old style way of farming. He spoke of the great necessity of interesting the boys in farming.

## OLD WEST DISAPPEARING

**Indians and Buffalo Almost Extinct—Indian Fast Becoming a Dead Race.**

The American Indian will soon exist only in history. His extermination has been gradual, but will be sure. He has gradually been driven from his happy home in the east to a few barren reservations in the west, where, by amalgamation, dissipation or separation he is fast becoming extinct.

The redskin has always been one of the most picturesque as well as cunning of the races. He is quick of perception, fleet of foot, loyal to a friend and unyielding to an enemy. There are many other things that made the Indian interesting to people who know very little about them or th ir habits. Even at this advanced period there are many people in America who have never seen an Indian.

The Buffalo, from which the Indian secured almost all his supplies, is also nearly extinct. Once the vast herds had almost undisputed title to and possession of as many thousands of miles as the Indians had to their hunting grounds. Countless millions of these monarchs of he plains roamed over the west, but today they can be counted by some few hundreds.

With Kit Carson's Buffalo Ranch Big Three-Ring Wild West Circus there are some of the most noted of the different tribes of Indians as well as the largest herd and most magnificent specimens of buffalo in existence today. The American bison is now one of the rarest and most expensive of animals and it wi'l pay you to visit this world famous attraction if for nothing but to see the last of the buffalo.

Will exhibit one day only, afternoon and night, at Bellefonte on Thursday June 4th.

### Teddy to Stump State.

As expected Colonel Theodore Roosewill be a factor in Pennsylvania's t ingular campaign in the fall and will stump the state against Penrose and Penroseism.

Other points in his Pennsylvania speeches will be:

Advocacy of the Progressive state and legislative ticket.

Advocacy of woman suffrage.

Advocacy of local option.

General denunciation of the Penrose organization.

"I have confidence in the integrity of the rank and file of the Republican party."

"This, Colonel Roosevelt's first statement on politics since his return from South America, was made after he had been in conference in Sagamore Hill with George W. Perkins, Dan William Draper Lewis, of Pennsylvania, and Walter Brown, of Ohio.

Colonel Roosevelt also announced he had sent word to Governor Johnson, of California, his running mate in the 1912 election, that he will go to California this fall and help Johnson in his fight for re-election.

The announcement of his belief that most Republicans in Pennsylvania at least are nobest was made by the colonel while he was praising the New York Tribune for declaring that Penrose deserves defeat.

In connection with the foregoing a dispatch from Washington says:

"The telegram to Representative Lewis conveyed an agreement upon the part of Roosevelt to accompany Mr. Lewis in a tour of the eastern section of Pennsylvania, identical with the itinerary he made in the fall of 1912. In company with Mr. Lewis, Roosevelt will begin his speech-making in the eastern section at Philadelphia, going from there to Pottstown, Reading, Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton.

"Arrangements have been made to traverse Pennsylvania in swiftly moving automobiles. From every large center Roosevelt will travel in an auto during the morning and afternoon and reach the greatest number of people possible in a night meeting in a large city.

### Brumbaugh to Canvass State.

Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, who obtained the Republican nomination for Governor by a sweeping majority, issued the following statement:

"I am profoundly grateful for the splendid support given me recently at the primaries. It is well known that I made no political speeches during the primary campaign. It seemed the wise and proper thing to attend strictly to my official duties in the schools. This I did. The effort in my behalf was made almost wholly by personal friends throughout this great Commonwealth. Under the circumstances, unique as they are, it is especially gratifying to receive such a substantial vote.

In the early autumn it is my intention to visit every section of the State and meet my fellow-citizens face to face. At that time the issue in the compaign can be fully presented and my position made clear to all. After frank and free conference, it is my hope that I may receive the support of all right thinking voters, regardless of party affiliations, who place foremost in their concern the welfare of all the people of Pennsylvania."

Dr. Brumbaugh expects to resign as superintendent of Phila. schools before he begins his active campaign for election.

Advertise in "The Republican"

# Jack Rose And Violets

## A Story of a College Commencement

By EDITH V. ROSS

Fred Caruthers and George Gay, two students, emerged from the laboratory of E. university, where they had been engaged in work pertaining to the course of analytical chemistry. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon—the time for recreation—and they agreed that they would take a stroll. The spring had opened, the birds were singing in the trees, and the chums trudged along with all the light heartedness of youth.

Some six or seven miles from E. university was a women's college. When the students of E took walks they naturally bent their steps in the direction of the women's college, and Messrs. Caruthers and Gay did so on this occasion. They were crossing an open field not far from the college grounds when Caruthers, casting his eyes upward, after peering into the sky for awhile, remarked:

"What's that?"

Gay also looked up and said he thought it was a bird. Then Caruthers pronounced it to be a balloon.

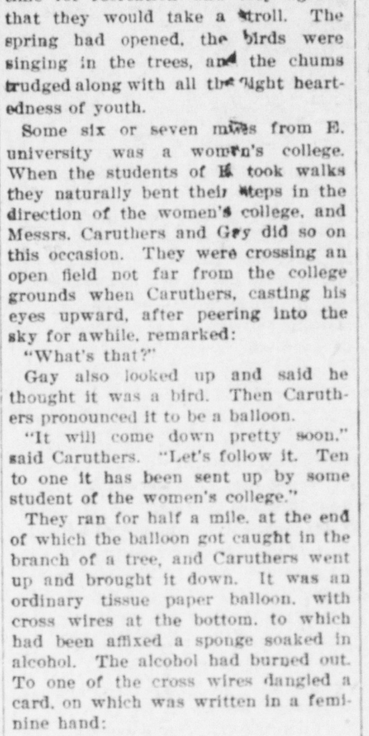
"It will come down pretty soon," said Caruthers. "Let's follow it. Ten to one it has been sent up by some student of the women's college."

They ran for half a mile, at the end of which the balloon got caught in the branch of a tree, and Caruthers went up and brought it down. It was an ordinary tissue paper balloon, with cross wires at the bottom, to which had been affixed a sponge soaked in alcohol. The alcohol had burned out. To one of the cross wires dangled a card, on which was written in a feminine hand:

Find me if you can.

"I told you so," said Caruthers. "Some girl who has gone to college for fun rather than study has sent it out for a lark."

"It's too bad that there should be two of us instead of one," said Gay.



FRED CONTINUED TO WARM THE PAPER.

"If either of us had found it he might have solved the riddle and had an adventure. You suggested what it might be. I'll forego my claim to it."

"Girls up to mischief always move in couples. Very likely there are half a dozen in this scheme."

The young men took the balloon back to college and the same evening met in Caruthers' room to investigate it. They first examined the card carefully. It gave the impression that it had been tampered with in some way, but they could not tell how. Its smoothness had disappeared.

"My opinion is, George," said Caruthers, "that about the only way a message could be concealed is by chemicals. They have a laboratory over there, and I shouldn't be surprised if the girl who wrote this is taking the laboratory course."

"In that case we'll have to wait till tomorrow, when we can get into the laboratory, where we can try various agents."

The next day at 4 o'clock, instead of going out for recreation, they began a series of experiments on the card. They finally found an agent that brought out letters of a dark violet hue:

So far, so good. Try some more.

They spent the time till the laboratory was closed in a vain attempt to get something more out of the card, but failed. The same evening they met again, and Caruthers suggested that the rest of the secret might be in the balloon itself.

"In that event," Gay replied, "we'll have to take it to the laboratory tomorrow and apply tests."

Caruthers took the balloon to a gas jet for examination. In order to get the best light on it he held it very near the jet, turning it so that the light would shine on its different parts. Presently he noticed a brown line on the paper.

"I have it, George," he cried.

"What is it?"

Fred made no reply to this; he was too intent on what he was doing. George joined him and saw that he was holding the brown line up close to the jet. The line developed not only into a letter, but into a word—"rose." Fred continued to warm the paper and finally brought out the following:

Jack Rose and Violets.

"Well, now," he remarked, "perhaps we're going to get at the bottom of this prank. This is only a part."

He turned the paper and soon was rewarded with more of the message—

Class day.

"Any more, do you think?" asked George.

"There isn't any need for more. It's plain enough as it is, and there's enough for us both."

"What do you mean?"

"That two girls will be somewhere about their college, either on the grounds or at some function or exercise indoors, on class day. One will wear a jack rose, the other violets. If we can't find them after all this information we'll never deserve a sheepskin."

"Good for you. But what do you suppose this message was written with?"

"Citric acid. Quite likely lemon juice; that would do it."

"I've a lemon in my closet left over from my last punch. I'll try it."

He dipped a pen in some of the lemon juice, wrote a message with it on a bit of paper, held it to the gas jet and the letters turned brown.

"I have an idea," said George. "What do you say to writing a message on the balloon and sending it back?"

"It wouldn't do any good or any harm provided the message were invisible till brought out. I doubt if these girls have confided to others sending the balloon, and if it were picked up on the college grounds they would not be likely to get it. Besides, to send a return message would be giving away an advantage we possess over them. If we meet them with their decorations on we can do so pretending not to be in the secret. In other words, they will give themselves away to us, but we won't give ourselves away to them."

"Bully boy! You've hit the nail on the head."

When class day at the women's college came on Messrs. Caruthers and Gay, who had learned what functions they would be admitted to, found that they might attend a dance in the large hall used for such purposes. They had not been there long when they saw two girls enter together, the one wearing a jack rose, the other a bunch of violets.

"By Jove," exclaimed Caruthers "they are a pair of beauties!"

"Which would you choose?" asked Gay.

"The jack rose."

"Very well; if we tackle them I'll freeze to the violets."

It did not require much time for the young men to secure an introduction to the girls, and Fred was soon dancing with Jack Rose, while George was doing the same with Violets. Since the girls were chums the men did not have much difficulty in keeping the four together. They were eating a supper in company when Caruthers remarked:

"You young ladies being chums, I should think you would wear the same floral decorations."

The girls glanced at each other and smiled knowingly.

"Wherefore that smile?" George asked.

"Can't we smile at each other without any especial meaning?" asked Jack Rose.

"You can," said Fred, "but you don't. Come, tell us the secret."

"What secret?" asked Violets.

"Why," replied Caruthers, "when I remarked that I should suppose you young ladies would wear the same kind of flowers you smiled mysteriously. All we ask is an explanation."

"I believe," said George, "that these flowers are a signal."

"What do you mean?" asked Violets.

"You have been flirting with some one by correspondence whom you don't know and who don't know you. You expect them here to night, and they are to know you by the flowers you wear."

This was getting pretty near home. The girls looked at each other, not smiling, but serious.

"What a funny idea!" said Jack Rose.

"Ridiculous!" chimed Violets.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Fred. "We'll bet you ten pounds of candy against a kiss from each of you that those flowers mean just what George has said, and we can prove it."

The girls looked very serious, indeed. "Will you permit us to consider your bet?" asked Jack Rose.

"All you like," replied the young men together.

The girls withdrew and after a long consultation returned. The possession of ten pounds of candy was a temptation to take a risk. The possibility that these young men had captured their balloon and deciphered their message did not occur to them. Even if the balloon had been picked up there was little probability of its secret having been interpreted.

"We have decided," said Jack Rose, "to take the bet, you to win in case you prove what you say."

No sooner had she spoken the word than Fred drew forth from his pocket the balloon, unfolded it and held up the message written in brown letters.

There was a commotion on the part of the girls, who blushed and laughed and looked grave all at the same time while the young men exulted.

When and where the bet was paid does not pertain to this story.

## THE IDEAL JURYMAN.

**His Age and Qualifications From an English Point of View.**

There is a general agreement in London legal circles that the best jurymen are to be found among men sixty years of age. The opinion is that jurymen at that age show better judgment than younger men.

A leading London barrister, asked for his opinion, said: "I prefer men about fifty years of age. A defending barrister in, say, a criminal case which has certain sentimental elements will always welcome a young jury. He knows he can touch their emotions far more easily than he can those of men over fifty. Sentiment is very rare at fifty, and a man is cold and purely logical. The average man who has reached the age of fifty looks upon things from a materialistic point of view, and his judgment is therefore unaffected by sentiment.

"Education, save in certain civil cases, is no great asset to a juryman. The bricklayer or the mechanic has just as much knowledge of human nature and a sense of justice as the professor, and in many respects barristers and judges prefer the unlettered juryman to the man of culture, though in the case of the latter he is less susceptible to an emotional plea. The man with sound common sense, learned not from books, but from everyday life, is not so easily led either by judge or counsel as many suppose, and if you add the wisdom of years you get the ideal juryman."—Exchange.

## FORCED THEM TO FIGHT.

**How "Honor" Was Satisfied by a Compulsory Duel in Hungary.**

The code duello as insisted upon abroad is strikingly illustrated by the story of a happening at Budapest, Hungary. It appears that a lawyer, Babocsay by name, quarreled with his wife over a new hat. The wife called her brother, Lieutenant Hajdu, a military aviator, to her aid. The husband used words deemed insulting by Hajdu.

This coming to the hearing of Hajdu's superior officer, the latter ordered the lieutenant to fight a duel with Babocsay. Neither party wished to fight. Babocsay offered to apologize, and Hajdu was willing to accept the apology and thus end the affair.

But the military martinet was inexorable. The duel must be fought to satisfy the honor of the army. Consequently these two men, closely related, were compelled to attempt to try to take each other's life. They met, Babocsay, firing aimlessly, nevertheless sent a bullet through the lung of his adversary, and Lieutenant Hajdu died of his wound.

Upon hearing of the death of her brother at the hand of her husband in her quarrel Mme. Babocsay went insane, twice attempted suicide and was finally confined to an asylum.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Momentum and Velocity.

In answer to the question "Is it not velocity that produces gravitation? If we throw a stone against a window of sufficient resistance with too little velocity it will not break, but if we throw it with sufficient velocity the window will break," the New York American says:

"We do not know the cause of gravitation nor of anything, but the increased speed of a stone thrown is not the cause of gravitation; it is the cause of momentum, which is a product of mass multiplied by velocity. Momentum would be the same if the stone were thrown close to the earth, where the full attraction of its gravitation would be felt, or out in space trillions of miles, where the earth's gravitation would be almost infinitesimal—that is, the glass would break by increasing the speed of the stone as here on earth."

### A Clear Wind Shield.

A doctor living in a rainy climate whose calls took him out often in wet weather undertook the problem of maintaining clear vision through the wind shield of his automobile regardless of rain, and he succeeded in making a prescription that would do the work. The prescription calls for one ounce of water, two ounces of glycerin and one dram of salt. This is poured on a piece of gauze and then wiped over the glass, care being taken to have all the strokes downward. The effect of the treatment is to prevent raindrops from clinging to the glass.—Saturday Evening Post.

### Crafty Woman.

"What an insufferably conceited air Pinkley has!"

"It's all his wife's fault."

"What has she done?"

"She makes him believe she is horribly jealous."

"Jealous of Pinkley! What's her object?"

"It's the only way she can get any money out of him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Not Up on Sports.

Mrs. Wayback—Here's a letter from Hiram at college. He said he finished the hundred in ten seconds. Mr. Wayback—Great Scott! I'll wire him to come right home. If he's spending at that rate it'll cost me about $4,000,000 a month to send him there.—Puck.

### Awkwardly Put.

She—So sorry to hear of your motor accident. Motorist—Oh, thanks. It's nothing. Expect to live through many more. She—Oh, but I hope not.—Boston Transcript.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—MacDonald.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# The Lone Watcher

## A Story of a Brave Girl's Struggle

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The plain was a level whiteness of snow, broken here and there by wandering trails that crossed each other at various angles. At the foot of the mountains the dark blur of pine trees showed against the pale cloak of winter, growing fainter until at the summits the gray clouds came down and all outlines were lost.

At the base of the mountains were scattered cabins of homesteaders. They were many miles apart, and each roughly built house was half hidden under the heavy snowfall.

On a certain March morning Anne Bellew opened the door of her father's house and drew in deep breaths of the clear, cold air. Her cheeks were tingling with the icy contact when she reluctantly closed the door and threw several chunks of wood into the stove.

She moved about the kitchen, a slender, graceful girl of twenty-two with golden brown hair and eyes and a sweet face that now drooped a little sadly in response to her thoughts.

Her father came in to breakfast fresh from his morning ablutions, a big, strong, ruddy looking man with crisp gray hair.

"Some colder, Anne, my dear," he said cheerily as he sat down to the appetizing meal of corn bread and fried bacon with fragrant coffee.

"Yes, dad. I suppose you will go into the forest today."

"No; I shall try to get to Moonton for more supplies. I shall walk, and I can pack the things back by sled. I rather wanted to go over and see what has become of young Wallace. Haven't seen him for a fortnight. I hope the lad isn't ill. He might be, and no one would know it. That's the worst of the Wallace claim; it's the last one of the bunch and on the edge of all creation."

Anne's face lost its lovely color, and her hand trembled as she poured her father a second cup of coffee.

"If Jim Wallace is all alone and sick, why, there is no one to wait upon him, and perhaps he hasn't anything in the house to eat," she said practically.

"That's the worst of it, Anne. Well, I'll make an early start. Where are my snowshoes? Yes, as I was saying, I'll make an early start and try to get home by sundown. If I don't, Anne, you needn't worry. I shall stop at Gillman's for the night."

When the dusk fell Anne placed a lamp in the window, although she did not expect her father to return that night. The storm was increasing in fury, and now the wind was screaming around the house, seeking entrance through some unprotected cranny.

"I wonder—I wonder," was the refrain of Anne's thoughts all through that lonely day—"I wonder if he is all right."

Anne Bellew was not thinking of her father. She knew that he was safely housed at Gillman's, but there was another, Jim Wallace, who had only a year before taken up a claim on the edge of the government tract. Wallace had worked hard clearing his place and had developed from a pale city bred man into a great sun browned pioneer.

She had seen Jim Wallace many times before they met, and after that Jim's wooing had been very short and sweet as well, for Anne loved him. There wouldn't have been any story to write if Anne and Jim had not quarreled one autumn day, and since then three months had passed by without a word spoken between them.

"I wonder—I wonder if Jim is all right," Anne went on thinking, and at last her thoughts found relief in action. It was 7 o'clock when she set forth clad in a suit of her father's clothing, much too large for her, but comfortably warm nevertheless.

Leaving the lamp in the window, she went out into the storm, bending her head to the piercing blast.

Turning northward, she faced the bitter blast, and more than once she was tempted to go back to the warm comfort of the house, but a premonition of danger to Jim Wallace possessed her, and she fought sturdily ahead.

It was five miles to the Wallace claim, facing the wind every inch of the way. A man would have suffered keenly, but some inward exaltation kept the blood singing through Anne's veins, and her feet stepped out bravely, and her fur gloved hands were as warm as her tender heart.

She was going to Jim Wallace's place to see if he were alive and well, and the last time they had met she had told him she hated him, and he—well, Jim had quoted something about "a woman with a serpent's tongue," which had been the final straw on the camel's back of her patience.

All at once there came an ominous long drawn cry.

"Wolves!" she shuddered and half hesitated in her tracks.

"He might be sick and helpless," she thought, but, though her courage was nearly gone, she kept on doggedly. The cry was growing louder, and she recognized the cry of a solitary wolf.

"I wonder if it is 'the watcher,'" she thought as she sped on. "If it is it means that Jim is in danger. Indian Bill says that the watcher always goes on ahead to spy out victims and that he sits and howls until he draws the full pack. Oh, dear!"

The little feminine cry escaped her unawares, and she closed her lips resolutely and turned into the patch of spruces that marked the beginning of the Wallace claim. By going through the spruces she would reach the cabin by a shorter cut and at the same time be sheltered from the fury of the storm.

Ki-i-i-i-ah-u-a-a-a-u-uh!

How loud it sounded to Anne's terrified ears!

The animal must be very near the cabin, and where was Jim Wallace that he did not answer with a bullet from his rifle the challenge of the watcher?

Either Jim was away or he was ill, or worse.

Anne walked warily now, slipping noiselessly along the crust of snow, her lantern hidden behind her.

At last she reached the fallen spruce where she had often sat with Jim Wallace.

She strained her eyes in the direction of the cabin and saw nothing save flying flakes that clung moistly to her face.

Nearer she crept and nearer until she made out the dark bulk of the cabin, and against its whiteness at last she descried the dark shape squatting on the doorstep.

The howl suddenly ceased, and there turned toward her two blazing balls of fire.

She crept still nearer and flashed her lantern in the face of the lone watcher. The fiery balls receded as she approached until she gained the doorstep. There she took her stand, waving her lantern in the face of the wolf, who was drawing nearer by imperceptible inches.

Anne put her hand behind her and felt for the doorknob. She turned it, and the door gave a little. She threw her lantern at the eyes. At that instant the lone watcher made his first leap at her and fell short by several feet. Anne darted into the cabin's dark interior and closed the door on the muzzle of her revolver just as the wolf made his second leap.

His impact against the door, the flash of fire and the report of the weapon all sounded together and were instantly followed by a howl of pain and a dull thud on the crust of snow outside.

Anne slammed the door shut and bolted it.

Far away, but drawing nearer, was the sound of a wolf pack in full cry.

All at once Anne fell to sobbing softly.

A groan came from the corner of the dark room.

"Who is there?" somebody whispered. "Did you get the watcher, Ned?"

"It isn't Ned McLean; it's I," whispered Anne, suddenly aware of the proximity of her former lover.

"Well, whoever you are, won't you make a light and give me a drink of water? Ah!" Silence from the corner.

Anne's trembling fingers found a lamp and lighted it. When she turned its rays around the room she found Jim Wallace stretched on a couch, white and unconscious. One foot was clumsily bound in white cloths.

Now Anne emptied her pockets of sandwiches and brandy, and she forced a few drops of the latter between Jim's clinched teeth. When that young man opened his black eyes he stared amazedly at the vision of pretty Anne Bellew, blushingly attired in her father's garments, ministering to him as an angel, as he had dreamed of her during the periods of delirium.

"Anne," he whispered hoarsely, "is it really you, or am I dreaming again?"

"It is Anne," she said in a low tone. "Tell me, Jim, what has happened?"

He told her briefly. Two days before he had fallen and broken an ankle. He had dragged himself into his cabin and suffered tortures of hunger and thirst in addition to the agony of his injured ankle. He told of crawling outside and sitting with the foot buried in the snow until almost frozen. He had made painful efforts to keep his fire going and to prepare food and drink. Fever had set in the night before, and he could not remember half of his suffering, but he did recollect with singular vividness that the lone watcher had sat on the doorstep and howled.

"Three times he jumped at the door, and I was afraid the flimsy lock would go," panted Jim as he concluded his tale. "He came again tonight, and I believe he would have got in when the rest of the pack arrived if it had not been for you, Anne. What happened?"

"The watcher is dead," said Anne quietly. "I shot him, Jim, just as he leaped at me. Ah! There comes the pack!"

Outside there was a chorus of yelps that subsided into growls as the wolf pack found the carcass of the watcher and fought over it.

Anne found herself shuddering as she finished binding the horribly swollen ankle in soaking wet cold cloths.

"How came you here, Anne, so far from home, and why were you crying?" demanded Jim, suddenly sitting up and catching Anne's hand.

Anne went down on her knees beside him and told him of her father's anxiety concerning his neighbor's safety and how she had set forth alone to find out whether he needed help. Little by little Jim drew from her the story of her five mile journey through the snowstorm, of her fear of the wolf pack and her determination to reach his cabin.

When Anne had finished her story her face was laid against his, and she felt tears on his cheeks.

"You did it for me, little Anne?" he whispered. "What can I do to make amends for"—

"Just keep on loving me," interrupted Anne as her lips fell lightly on his.

"That is too easy," groaned Jim, but he smiled happily.

# General Order No. 15

## Thereby Hangs a Tale

By EDWARD DIXON

During the war between the states a division of the Union army under General Chubb was placed at the junction of two railroads in Tennessee to protect the roads and keep open the line of communications of the main army farther south. It was the spring season in that region—March. The sun shone warm, the buds were opening, the birds building their nests—indeed, nature was awakening.

Two officers—Lieutenant Colonel John Barrows and Major Alec Stewart—were riding on a road just beyond the limits of the encampment.

"I wish our wives were here," remarked Major Stewart.

"The general won't allow a woman in camp on any pretext. He's issued an order to that effect."

"I know that. What can you expect of an old bach?"

Now, these officers were both young men and had recently been married.

"I WILL CONSULT WITH MY SISTER."

The general commanding was forty years old, a regular army officer and a rigid disciplinarian. He believed that the presence of women with an army only encumbered it and detracted from its efficiency.

"I have a mind to bring my wife down," said Barrows, "if I can find some farmer's wife outside the camp limits who will take her in. No one outside the family she lives with need know she's my wife."

"If the old man finds it out he'll prefer charges against you for disobedience of orders, and it will go hard with you."

Barrows made no reply to this, but the desire to see his wife was very strong in him, and the next time he rode out of camp it was with a view to finding a lodgment for her. Not far from the chain of guards there lived Mrs. Claybourne, a widow with several children. Barrows called on her, told her of his desire to see his wife and asked the widow if she would not give her lodgment for a brief season. The request was granted, and Barrows wrote for his wife to come south.

One day a couple of weeks later General Chubb while riding by the Claybourne house saw Mrs. Barrows sitting on the veranda doing fancy work. The lady was a very pretty woman, and the general was much pleased with her appearance. On returning to camp he called one of his aids to him and said:

"There is a house about a mile from camp on the turnpike leading westward, a white house with green blinds. Learn who lives there and report the information to me."

The general gave the order in a tone to indicate that he suspected there were arms concealed in the house or it was a rendezvous for spies or was in some way prejudicial to the Union cause. The aid made the inquiries and reported that the place was owned and occupied by Mrs. Claybourne; that she was a sympathizer with the Confederate cause, but so far as could be learned not disposed to interfere in the struggle. The general received the report without comment, and the aid retired.

The next afternoon General Chubb, attended by a single orderly, rode out to the Claybourne place. Mrs. Barrows, who, having no duties, spent much of her time on the veranda doing fancy work, was in her usual seat when the general rode up. He had been pointed out to her by her husband, who had cautioned her if she should meet him not to reveal her identity. When she saw him stop at the gate, turn his horse over to his orderly and come up the walk she was much frightened. Nevertheless she pulled herself together to meet the issue.

"Mrs. Claybourne?" said the general, raising his hat.

The lady rose and bowed, but made no other reply. The fact that she was supposed to be the occupant of the premises somewhat reassured her.

"I have been informed, Mrs. Claybourne, that you are a widow living here alone, and it has occurred to me that you should have protection. My men, as a rule, are orderly, but in every army there are desperate characters who are liable to break away and pillage. If you like I will give you a guard."

"I appreciate your thoughtfulness and kindness, general," she said, adopting the southern dialect so far as she could. "I will consult with my sister before giving you a definite reply. Will you please excuse me for a moment? Meanwhile take a seat, suh."

The real Mrs. Claybourne, who was well aware of the chances her lodger—and by this time her friend—was taking and from an upper window had seen the general stop before the house, awaited Mrs. Barrows with a natural agitation. The latter in a few brief sentences informed her of what had taken place, and a hurried consultation was held, in which it was decided to decline the proffered guard with thanks. Then Mrs. Barrows went back to General Chubb, while Mrs. Claybourne kept out of range of vision.

"My sister says that she has no fear, general," said Mrs. Barrows. "She would prefer not to have a guard, but she is sensible of your kindness, as I am, and asks me to convey her thanks."

Since the general had simply made the offer as a pretext for a visit to the supposed Mrs. Claybourne he was satisfied. He had seated himself and showed no inclination to hurry away. He professed great sympathy with the southern people in what they were called upon to endure on account of the war, especially in the scarcity of provisions on account of the blockade.

"I suppose," he continued, "that you have no tea or coffee. I shall be happy to supply you with the latter from my own private stock."

"You are very kind, general. We have nothing but chicory at present."

The general spent an hour with the supposed widow and when he departed was as much pleased with the lady's charm of manner as he had been struck with her beauty.

It was not long before General Chubb rode out again to the Claybourne place. This time he was received by the widow herself, who regretted that on account of an indisposition her sister begged to be excused. Mrs. Barrows had arranged for this and begged Mrs. Claybourne, who was an attractive woman, to make an effort to win the man who had evidently been smitten with herself. The widow was a few years older than her guest, but had not lost her good looks. She laid herself out to relieve her friend by making herself as attractive as possible. She would not let the general go till she had brought out some old wine she had hidden away from the Yankees, which she served with cake she had made herself. After having partaken of several glasses of the wine the general was in no hurry to go.

Mrs. Barrows' indisposition lasted as long as General Chubb's division remained in the vicinity, and that was three months. The general sent her delicacies when he could obtain them, but his devotion was being all the while undermined by the real widow. Colonel Barrows was in the secret and would have enjoyed the situation had he not been in constant dread lest the truth be discovered. However, it was not long before his wife informed him that the general was making love to "her sister," who she believed was as well pleased with him as he was with her.

June came and with it the hot weather. Barrows, who was much troubled about the deception being practiced on his commander, sent his wife north. She had not been gone a week when Chubb's division was relieved and he was ordered south with his command. The day before he moved the widow secured a proposal and made a favorable reply.

Then Colonel Barrows let the cat out of the bag, and it soon became known among the principal commanders how the general had begun by paying attention to Barrows' wife and had been switched off to a widow. All enjoyed the joke heartily, but not a man betrayed the fact that the colonel had deliberately disobeyed general order No. 15, thereby rendering himself liable to be cashiered.

Chubb's division joined the main army and marched to the sea with Sherman. Colonel Barrows proved a fine officer and was promoted till he had two stars on his shoulder to Chubb's one. One day when the army was at Atlanta the two men, commanding different corps, met.

"General," said Barrows, "I believe I have never congratulated you on your engagement."

Chubb looked embarrassed. He had not told of his engagement.

"Don't deny it. Besides, you have to thank me for your wife."

"How is that?" asked Chubb, wondering.

"Do you remember your general order against women in camp? Well, I brought my wife down when we were guarding the railroad and put her in the house of your fiancee. You called on her, and she permitted you to suppose she was Mrs. Claybourne. After that you were making love to the widow herself. The difference between you and me was that you visited your sweetheart during the day, while I visited mine between taps and reveille."

"You mutinous rascal!" cried Chubb. "If I had known that I would have put you in irons."

# A Triangular Love Difficulty

## A War Veteran's Story

By CAPTAIN F. A. MITCHEL

Half a century has passed since we pushed out from the Rappahannock and the little village of Fredericksburg and started up the incline, with scarcely a house or a tree on it, toward the ridge, its base lined with Confederates waiting for us. But its picture is as sharply defined on my old brain as it was then on my young eyes. What! Go over that tilted plain that at a word from the Confederate commander would be swept with a hailstorm of lead and iron? It was awful to think of then, and [illegible] night since in my dreams I've been [illegible] re again.

There was a deathly stillness, broken only by our monotonous tramp, before they opened on us. Jim Edmonds was marching next to me, and, turning, I saw that set look on his face which men wear when going into battle. Jim was as pale as a man walking to his execution. As I turned to look at him he faced me. I can never forget that look.

"I'm not coming out of this," he said.

I had no reply to make, and if I had had there would not have been time to make it, for at that moment the singing and the screeching, mingled with the rattle and the roar, began. We marched on, here and there a man dropping in his tracks, and the nearer we drew to the Confederates the more frequent the drops. Our regiment got as near to the gray death line as any, but the remnant at last broke like the rest. Why men were called upon to march up that open inclined plain, so admirably fitted for wholesale slaughter, is one of the many unaccountable blunders of the war.

Jim fell shortly after we broke. We were at the time, I think, about midway between the river and the ridge. He held out a hand to me, on which was a ring. He had lost the power of speech, but I knew what he wished me to do. I was to take the ring off his finger and put it on my own. Instead of doing so then and there, I took him up and carried him to the rear. When I put him down he was dead.

I must go back a bit. Jim had left a sweetheart at home. He had often talked about her to me. We were as near to each other as youngsters can be, and that is pretty near. We were very different, and I believe that helped to draw us together. Jim was confiding, and I was reticent. His face was a mirror for his feelings; I had perfect command over my features.

He would talk to me by the hour about his sweetheart. I had left one of my own at home, but I never mentioned her to any one. I couldn't. I wasn't built that way. I felt that it was contemptible in me to accept my friend's confidences and not give my own. Nevertheless I permitted him to pour them into my ear without a return.

O [illegible] before the battle in which Jim was killed, when he was talking about his betrothed by a campfire, he said to me: "You know how absorbed I am in Edith. Well, I've often thought that it is selfish on my part. I want her to make me happy. I haven't thought much about her happiness. Suppose I get killed. She will suffer the same as I would if I should hear of her death. I've been thinking about this and how her life would be spoiled. She wouldn't give her heart to any one else, for she would think that in doing so she would be untrue to me. I've formed a plan in case I am killed to prevent her living the lonely life of an old maid. There's but one man whom I can bear to think of as her husband."

"And who may that be?"

"You."

"I!"

"Yes. And, what's more, in case I don't get back home I wish you'd go to her and tell her so."

Now was the time, if ever, to confess that I had a sweetheart of my own. I was about to overcome my natural reticence when it occurred to me that there was as much chance of my being knocked out by a shell or a bullet as Jim. Why not let the matter rest as it was? All I said was:

"Jim, you are very unselfish. Let's take a cheerful view of it. A soldier mustn't think of getting killed, though that's what we are here for. Let us, rather, dwell on both getting back home and my being best man at your wedding."

"That's all right if we get home. My plan is based on my getting killed. The day we left for Washington Edith took this ring off her finger and put it on mine. 'Jim,' she said, 'I'll never marry unless I marry the man that wears that ring.'

"She meant that she would marry no man but you."

"But don't you see how it works in with my plan for her?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, you will when I've told you the rest. If I am killed take this ring off my finger and put it on yours. It will overcome her scruples."

Our conversation was interrupted at this point and was never resumed, for we marched early the next morning and were soon laying pontoons in face of the enemy's fire on the Rappahannock, and on getting across we marched up that incline which, as I have said, seemed to have been especially constructed for mowing down anything that happened to be on it.

Before putting Jim's body in the ground I took the ring off his finger and put it on my own. I seemed to put on with it a singular condition. It was as if two girls were waiting for me to come back to them. My troth had been pledged to one, and I fe[illegible] measure bound—through my lost friend—to the other. But as it was not my habit to try to cross a bridge till I got to it I settled nothing in my mind as to what I would do in the premises. Indeed, it appeared to me that Jim's plan for me and his sweetheart was but a fancy of his which had died with him.

The war lasted two years after Jim was killed and brought great changes. I was wounded at the battle of Winchester and sent to a hospital, where I remained some months. A number of young women in those days came down to devote themselves to nursing soldiers, and it so happened that I fell under the care of a young woman who ministered to me. I am quite sure that it was due to her attention that I recovered from my wound.

This being cared for by an attractive woman was a dangerous situation for a man to be placed in who had already two women to whom he might be said to be in a measure bound. I believe there are more marriages resulting from men being nursed by women during sickness than through any other cause. I am ashamed to confess that my betrothed and Jim's betrothed both faded before my growing attachment to my nurse.

Another weak spot in the situation for me was that, not having my natural physical strength, I did not have my full moral strength. I craved a demonstrative sympathy from my nurse and showed that I craved it. At first I got only an indulgent nurse's petting, but little by little the barriers were broken down between us, and we became lovers.

The day I was discharged from the hospital marked the close of my military service, for the war had ended. I was surely in an unenviable position. I was expected to go home and marry my fiancee. I felt that I should pay some attention to my dead friend's wishes, and I was in love with my nurse, who showed a willingness to listen to my suit. What should I do?

Providence was kind to me, for on rejoining my regiment for the purpose of being mustered out of service I found a letter from the girl to whom I had been engaged, but had not seen for four years. It was a long effort to excuse herself for breaking her engagement with me. She said that when we parted she was little more than a child, while now she was a woman. She had recently met a man who had been very kind to her and had the means to make her very comfortable. To refuse him would spoil his whole life. This was the gist of the matter, though it was spread out over sixteen pages of letter paper. It might have been condensed into six words, "You are thrown over for another."

I released her joyfully, though in a sorrowful letter, and an important point of my triangular complication was canceled. It remained for me to go to Jim's sweetheart and see what was in store for me there. I could not divest myself of the feeling that I would soon forgive myself if I did not do my part in bringing about what Jim had desired. I regarded it a matter of feeling rather than one of honor, but the feeling was very strong. I wondered if Jim had ever written her on the subject. If he had and it appeared that her future happiness as a wife depended on me I would not shrink from acceding to Jim's plan.

I tried to make up my mind to go to see the lady and abide by what the meeting brought forth, but in cowardice we always prefer to write rather than "take the bull by the horns." I wrote her a letter telling her of Jim's wish and leaving it with her as to what should be done in the matter. I received a kindly note in reply, couched in delicate terms, the main feature of which was that if I were fancy free she would be happy to see me, but if not the matter of Jim's wish need not even be taken up.

This reply helped matters amazingly. I wrote her that I loved another. In due time a reply came releasing me from any obligation to Jim, but inviting me to bring the ring for a friendly visit. She had a great desire to meet dear Jim's bosom friend.

I resolved to clear up this second point at once, then go and offer my heart and hand to the woman who had nursed me. I took a train the next day and on arriving at my destination drove to the house and sent up my card. Presently I heard a soft step on the staircase, and who should enter but—my nurse!

While I was paralyzed by astonishment, her face was covered with smiles and blushes. I stammered something about a remarkable coincidence, when she stopped me:

"The coincidence is not here. It was in our meeting in the hospital, you as patient, I as nurse. And I knew who you were the moment I saw the ring Jim had from me the day he marched away to the war."

"Did Jim write you"—

"He did."

"Then," I said, taking her in my arms, "since you have said that you will marry only the man who wears this ring I claim you."

For a brief space she was lost in thought. I fancied I could understand her reverie. She was thinking of the day, the moment, when she had spoken those words. What a difference between then and now! Those four years had broken the bonds uniting many a happy family. The man she had then loved was among the many victims. I had taken his place. Nevertheless we were both silent, thinking of the great change.

# THE REPUBLICAN.

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THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

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Superior Court Judge—Frank M. Trexler.
Congress-at-Large—M. M. Garland, J. R. K. Scott, Thomas S. Crago and Daniel F. Lafean.
Congress, 21st. Dist.—Charles H. Rowland.
State Senate, 34th. Dist.—S. J. Miller.
Assembly—Harry B. Scott.

Cronister was told that things were "fixed" so that he would get it. He did.

Where, o where, is the Democrat who not long ago was preaching and promising higher wages and lower prices?

The Wilson administration has proved a success in one particular, at least. It has thrown many a good working man out of a job.

The Survevor of the Port would do well to forsake his $100,000 yacht and camp out a few nights in some Centre County corn fields. Dynamite is scattered about and bloody edges adorn the moon.

The knife was put into ex-Sheriff Cronister, of Martha, candidate for the Democratic nomination for State Senator at the recent primaries. Early in the game he was marked for slaughter.

The issue that will decide the next November election will be the presence or absence of the full dinner pail. Woe unto the Democratic ticket if the dinner pail is empty. It is heading that way very rapidly.

Centre County's vote for Palmer and McCormick would indicate that Democratic aspirants for postmasterships took the cue to get out and hustle at the primaries. The day for the show-down must come, likewise that for disappointment where sixteen fellows have been promised the same job.

It is said that when a decision is arrived at in the matter of the new postmaster for State College, Palmer and McCormick will depart on a sea voyage and flash the name of the appointee by wireless. This probably explains why the Hon. Robert M. Foster is sitting up nights studying the Marconi system.

When John A. Williams, of Port Matilda, entered the field as a candidate for the Assembly he supposed that he was to receive a square deal in keeping with the spirit of the uniform primaries. Even before the primaries were held he realized that he was up against not a square but a raw deal. The bosses ordered his defeat and the orders were carried out to the letter.

Mrs. Sarah Forbes-Robertson Hale, in her address on suffrage here last Saturday night, complained because the men have taken from the women their former occupations, adding that the only one they haven't taken is "that of nursing the babies." The accuracy of this is likely to be questioned by the men who live in those homes where the milk bottle reigns supreme.

## Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Issac M. Thomas, late of Bellefonte Borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authesticated for settlement.

J. K. JOHNSTON, Solicitor.
MARTHA J. THOMAS
C. ARTHUR THOMAS
Admrs.
Bellefonte, Pa.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.


## THE TIDE IS SET.

The primaries are a matter of history, the Republican ticket has been nominated, every Republican who desired had a voice in its making, and now every Republican should turn in and work for victory at the polls next November. With Republicans united and working unselfishly for the success of the whole ticket Democratic defeat is a foregone conclusion.

The need of a speedy return to Republican principles is apparent. President Wilson's administration, with its near-free trade law, has blighted business, thrown thousands of men out of employment and given trade in general a black eye. Present conditions again emphasize the fact that free trade, or a low tariff, is attractive and popular in theory but not in practice. The cry of higher wages and lower prices catches the unwary voter before the election, but unfortunately punishes him afterward. The laboring man, the one least able to afford it, invariably has to pay the bill.

The responsibility for silent mills and factories belongs squarely to the party which brought about that condition. And that is the Democratic party. Unpopular as was the last Republican administration it was a prosperous one. Each day points more strongly to the fact that the people realize its advantages and are returning to Republican rule. The drift toward Democratic disintegration and defeat is unmistakable. The handwriting is blazoned on the wall, with business conditions as the chart and guide, and nothing short of a complete reversal, as viewed at this time, can prevent a glorious triumph for Republican principles in November.

Miss Virginia Dale returned home on Monday from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Krum, of Jersey Shore, motored to Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Miss Kinney, of Milesburg, was a social and shopping visitor in town on Tuesday.

Miss Margaret McFarland is enjoying her vacation with her mother, at Lock Haven.

Miss Pearl Royer departed on Tuesday for Tyrone to attend the High School commencement exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Karstetter, of Harrisburg, visited over Sunday with the latter's sister, Mrs. H. C. Yeager.

Dr. and Mrs. R. G. H. Hayes will leave tomorrow for Sweetbriar College, where Miss Ellen Hayes will graduate.

Miss Mary Brake departed last Saturday for a two weeks vacation at St. Thomas, Pa. Miss Brake is a nurse-in-training at the Bellefonte hospital.

Mrs. James R. Hughes, who has been at the Bellefonte hospital for some time, left that institution last Saturday, and with a trained nurse will spend some time at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Green.

### Europe's Diamond Industry.

Years ago Amsterdam was at the head of the diamond industry in Europe. Of late Antwerp has forged ahead and taken first place. Amsterdam very largely specializes in small stones, and its superiority over Antwerp in cutting these diamonds is unquestioned. Antwerp, on the other hand, cuts large diamonds and small ones, according to what happens to be most in demand. It works on the larger Transvaal stones furnished by the London syndicate, and at the same time it monopolizes the small south west African business.

### The Word "Lurid."

The word "lurid" is misused by many people as a synonym for "glaring" or "fiery." One speaks in this sense of "lurid" language, "lurid" flames, "lurid" dramas. It is probable that no one person in three knows the real meaning of "lurid." The dictionary defines it as "ghastly, pale, wan, gloomy," which in no way carries out the general and mistaken idea of the word.—New York World.

### All Her Fault.

"There goes Bertha, the innkeeper's pretty daughter. She's broken many hearts, mine among them."

"Yes; my red nose lies on her conscience too."—Fliegende Blatter.

### Reasonable Enough.

"What's your objection to the farm, mister?"

"The land appears to be sunken."

"But that's owing to the heavy crops."—Washington Herald.

### An Expensive Lesson.

"Now, Thomas," said the teacher severely, "how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers? Put your hand down and presently I'll hear from you."

Five minutes later she said, "Now, then, Thomas, what was it you wanted to say?"

"There was a man in the entry awhile ago," said Thomas serenely, "and he went out with your new silk umbrella."—Ladies' Home Journal.

# Wooing Desdemona

## With a Moving Picture Climax

By CLARENCE LINDNER


Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.


Tongues in trees, sang the bard: books in the running brooks, sermons in stones—and, by the same token, romance in finger nails.

The idea is not so absurd. Stella will corroborate me.

Drop into Burtscher's tonsorial parlors some day.

Go right through into the little room curtained off at the rear.

Seated at a table, with bowls of warm water, jars of red paste and various delicate instruments set out before her, you will find Stella placidly munching caramels.

As you enter she will look you over impersonally. Sigh if you are tall and dark and saturnine or smile sadly, but kindly, if you are—what you are; say something original that she has heard twenty times a day for three years and offer her your fingers to retine.

When she has massaged them for a few minutes and you think that your soft glances have quickened the beating of her heart, ask her about this romance business.

She will gaze silently at you for a quarter of a minute.

Then a pearly tear will hasten from beneath a quivering eyelid. She will swallow a sob with her caramel.

And if you are not tall and dark and saturnine she may tell you the story. It isn't much of a story as stories go. But judge of it for yourself:

His entrance was soundless. Stella was not aware of him until his shadow fell across the page of her book. She started nervously and looked up to find him seated opposite, gazing at her gravely. Her heart thumped violently as she looked into his eyes. She blushed. Her glance fell. She sighed.

Without looking up again she began to operate on the hand which he offered for her ministration. Her fingers trembled. Twice she almost stuck him with the cuticle scissors.

She never could recall with what remark he broke the awful silence. For the first time in memory she was powerless to inject the element of loquacity into a situation.

She knew before he spoke just what would be the tonal quality of his voice; knew it would be soft and low and compelling. At his first word her gaze was drawn to his. She peered into his black eyes timidly, fearfully, entranced.

Mayhap it was hours he talked, mayhap only minutes.

"In Madrid," he murmured absently "near the Plaza de Toros, lives a dark-eyed maiden whom you remind me of much."

He flinched as the scissors point penetrated a tender spot. But she was far away from cuticle and scissors.

"And once in Delhi, as the regiment marched out, I saw you waving me goodby from the gate of the town"—

From land to land he skipped. He balanced the south pole on the tip of his tongue, derided the hemispheres, twisted the equator in a knot and flipped the top off Mont Blanc. He mopped up the Pacific ocean with his left hand and with his right taught backgammon to an Eskimo in Greenland.

Time and distance were exploded myths to him. He was a citizen of the universe, address anywhere.

"You must know pretty nearly every one," Stella whispered admiringly.

He considered a moment while he adjusted the green jade pin in his necktie.

"Not quite," was his modest admission.

She sighed and applied the nail buffer with feverish assiduity.

When he had gone she wept softly and tried to recall what he had looked like. He was tall, she remembered, and slender and dark.

That night she cried herself to sleep and dreamed she was Madylaine, the heroine of "Love's Last Word."

He came again many times.

There were more tales—tales of hair raising adventures in the crannies of the world. The heroes of them all were friends of his, nameless men mentioned casually, though she knew all the time that it was he who really figured in the leading roles.

She put down his delicacy in omitting names to that innate modesty so characteristic of heroes. There was a man, for instance, who twisted the tail of a blood crazed tiger in Bengal and flung the brute to starve in the branches of a tree.

His visits became more frequent, so frequent that his nails could not possibly have grown between times.

He led her to talk of herself—of her ideals, inspired by the best magazine literature; of the loveless life of a plump manicure lady in a deserted city of 5,000,000 population.

He learned, too, of the $300 she had hoarded up against the traditional day of inclement weather.

And before he left on that occasion they kissed furtively across the table, during which process he spilled a bowl of warm water into his lap.

He confided his name—Montford Reginald McShane. She smiled happily as he blew her a farewell kiss.

Monty, as she fondly thought of him, space of half an hour. Then the visitor withdrew, and Deacon Stoneman called Beatrix into the room, closed the door and informed her of the subject of the recent interview.

"Papa," said Trixie, "what do you wish me to do?"

"Nothing so far as Mr. Ridgely is concerned."

"What does the congregation wish me to do? Have they mentioned any especial act I have committed with reference to Mr. Ridgely that they object to?"

"I don't know that they have."

"Well, you may tell them for me that Mr. Ridgely had best be let alone with reference to his treatment of me and I had best be let alone with reference to my treatment of him."

This ended the conference between father and daughter. What report he made to those who had taken it upon themselves to admonish Beatrix through him was not known, but it was probably not very satisfactory, for the feeling against the siren increased, and it was not long before she began to get the cold shoulder from certain members of the congregation. One thing was noticeable—the relations, so far as they appeared between her and Mr. Ridgely, were by no means changed by the fact of her admonition.

One day Mrs. Harkness met Mrs. Gooding on the street, and the two ladies stopped for a chat.

"Have you heard the news about our pastor?" asked the former.

"No. What is it?"

"He's had a call."

"I knew it! It's all that minx Trixie Severance's fault. She's driven him out as she has driven out the others."

"He hasn't accepted it yet."

"But he will. Do you know what salary goes with it?"

"They say it is double what we are paying."

"Then he's sure to go."

The news spread that the church's idol had received a call, and it was generally conceded that it was preliminary to his leaving the place on account of having received a refusal from Beatrix Severance. Then it began to be known that in his new field he would receive double the salary he was paid by the First church. Meanwhile the feeling of antagonism toward Trixie was growing like a rolling snowball. Some even suggested that in the event of their losing their pastor she be brought up before the church and tried for unseemly conduct. But the absurdity of such a course was apparent when some one asked in what form the charges would be made.

One Sunday, after reading the usual notices, Mr. Ridgely said that since it had become generally known that he had received a call he would say that he had declined it and would remain with the First church.

Great was the astonishment at this announcement. What did it mean? Was the man crazy to refuse a salary of $1,200 when he was getting only $600? Those who understood Miss Severance's part, or her supposed part, in these pastoral affairs looked at her inquiringly. Her face was as passive, as unintelligible as usual.

The only person in the congregation who could give a satisfactory explanation of the matter was Mrs. Gooding, who said it was so plain she couldn't understand why everybody couldn't see it. Trixie had so bewitched the pastor that rather than leave her he had given up an additional $600 a year. This view commended itself to others, and the impression gained ground that the minister's departure was only deferred. Miss Severance was playing him as a cat would play a mouse. Before long he would depart, call or no call.

Meanwhile the power of the young clergyman for good was becoming known elsewhere, and calls began to pour in thick and fast. Mr. Ridgely did not speak of them himself; they leaked out through those who gave them. He declined them all.

Then the congregation of the First church began to think that it was his love for them that kept him. After all the First church was composed of an exceptional class of people. Quite likely Mr. Ridgely appreciated the social advantages of such a church. This view was poohpoohed by a few, but gained ground generally.

Finally an announcement was made by Mrs. Deacon Severance that was like a bomb dropped among the congregation. Her daughter, Beatrix, was engaged to Mr. Ridgely. All were made happy by the news. Their beloved pastor would now be a fixture in the First church. From being the most unpopular member of the congregation Trixie became the most popular. All flocked about her with congratulations, saying that they were "so glad;" that doubtless it had been through her influence that Mr. Ridgely had declined the calls he had received and now they would have him always.

Miss Severance received their congratulations with the same imperturbability that she had borne their reproaches. In due time the wedding was celebrated, and all were settling down with a feeling that they were to retain a minister who had been offered several thousand dollars a year in place of the paltry sum of $600 when the tranquil waters were again disturbed. The minister announced from his pulpit that he had determined to give up all regular pastoral work and preach the gospel to the poor wherever and whenever he found an opportunity. He further stated that he was happy in having gained a wife who sympathized with him in this course and who would assist him in his efforts to ameliorate the spiritual and physical condition of those who most needed him.

The Rev. Mr. Ridgely is now a tower of strength in the slums, and his wife is his indefatigable assistant.


# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

*Absolutely Pure*

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE


### Mrs. W. W. Laird Dead.

Mrs. Alice Laird, wife of Wilson W. Laird, of Tyrone, died after a few hours' illness last Saturday evening at the home of a sister, Mrs. W. T. Lego, at Fowler station. Her death was due to heart failure. Mrs. Laird arrived at Fowler to visit with the Legos about 7.30 o'clock Saturday evening. She become ill a short time later and passed away about 10 o'clock, her death coming as a great shock to the family and friends. Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at 10.30 o'clock from the W. T. Lego home. Burial was made in the Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

The deceased was aged 43 years and was born at Fowler. She was a daughter of Andrew and the late Josephine Nearhoof. From girlhood she was an active, earnest member of the United Brethren church. She was a loving and devoted wife and mother, a devout christian and a woman who was held in affectionate esteem by many friends. She was liked by everybody and by those who knew her intimately she was loved for her true worth and her memory will ever be cherished. Surviving are her father; her husband and two children, William Laird, aged 14 years, and Larry, an infant eight weeks old. Her mother passed away about five years ago. There survive also three sisters: Mary L. wife of W. T. Lego, of Fowler; Greta, wife of James Rorbaugh, and Nannie, wife of Lewis Woomer, both of Tyrone.

The Lairds resided in Bellefonte until last fall, when they removed to Tyrone. Their many home friends here learned of Mrs. Laird's death with the deepest sorrow and regret.

### John J. O'Leary Dead.

John J. O'Leary, a native of Bellefonte died on Friday afternoon, May 22d, at his late home at Providence, Rhode Island, his death following an illness of about six months, due to stomach trouble. The body was brought to Bellefonte on Tuesday morning and interment made in the Catholic cemetery. The deceased will at once be recalled by many old home friends, by whom he was well and favorably known. He was born in Bellefonte about 36 years ago. For a time he was employed as a machinist at the Nittany furnace. About fifteen years ago he removed to Providence, at which place he continued to be located until the time of his death. At that place he was employed in a rubber boot factory. He was a son of the late Lawrence and Hanorah O'Leary. Surviving to mourn his passing away are his mother and these brothers and sisters: Lawrence, of Pittsburgh; Daniel O'Leary, of Bellefonte; Minnie, married to Michael Harrity, of Pittsburgh; Ellie, married to Joseph Wise, of Spring Grove; Annie, married to John Stewart, of Providence, and Katie, married to S. B. Viall, also of Providence.

### Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store

| | |
|---|---|
| Eggs, per dozen | .15 |
| Butter, per pound | .15 |

### Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wheat, white or mixed | .87 |
| Wheat, red | .92 |
| Corn, shelled (per bu.) | .70 |
| Corn, ears, (per bu.) | .70 |
| Oats, (per bu.) | .45 |
| Rye, (per bu.) | .70 |
| Barley, (per bu.) | .05 |
| Buckwheat, (per bu.) | .60 |

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

### Sad Death of Child.

Particularly sad was the death of Patsy Eleanor Budinger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Budinger, of Snow Shoe, who passed away at 2.10 o'clock Monday afternoon at the Lock Haven hospital.

Her death followed an operation for appendicitis. The little girl was especially bright and cheerful and was a great favorite in the home. About two weeks before her death she was taken ill. Her trouble was diagnosed as appendicitis and removal to the Lock Haven hospital for an operation was decided upon. She was taken to Lock Haven on Sunday and that evening about 8.30 o'clock Dr. Ball performed the operation. It was then realized that her condition was critical, and with little hope for her recovery. Peritonitis developed and she gradually became weaker until she passed away at the time noted. At the time of death she was aged 11 years and 10 days. The body was removed to the grief-stricken home and funeral services held there last evening at 7 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Hodgson, pastor of the Snow Shoe Methodist Episcopal church. Today interment will be made at Williamsport.

### Mrs. Catherine Ketner Dead.

Following an illness of long duration, Mrs. Catherine Ketner, wife of James Ketner, of Altoona, died at the Altoona hospital Saturday evening at 7.05 o'clock. Death was due to chronic nephritis, from which she had suffered for the past three years.

Mrs. Ketner was bedfast for one week, being admitted to the hospital on May 18, but sank steadily until death relieved her. She was widely known and had resided in the same location for nearly forty years. On February, 17, 1849, the deceased was born at Hecla Furnace, Centre county. Her parents were Andrew and Martha Ammerman, both deceased. Besides her husband, she is survived by one daughter, Mrs. James Martin, of Harrisburg; two brothers, Harvey and Charles Ammerman, both of Philipsburg, and a sister, Mrs. Ella Yingling, of Williamsport. Mrs. Ketner was a Lutheran by faith and had scores of friends and acquaintances by whom she will be greatly missed. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, at her late home, followed by interment in Rose Hill cemetery, at Altoona.

### Martin Hayes Dead.

Martin Hayes, a well known resident of Snow Shoe, died rather suddenly between eight and nine o'clock last Saturday morning at the home of his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Glenn, at that place. He suffered a stroke and lingered but about half an hour. Funeral services were held at Snow Shoe, Rev. Father Connelly officiating, and on Tuesday the body was brought to Bellefonte for interment in the Catholic cemetery. The deceased was born in Ireland, a son of John Hayes. At the time of his death he was aged 74 years. Surviving are the following children: John Hayes, of Olean, N. Y.; Austin, of Lancaster; James, of Emporium; George, of Maryland; Rosa, of Washington, D. C.; Genevieve, married to Frederick Weber, of Charleroi, Pa. Two brothers and one sister also survive: John Hayes, of Snow Shoe; Robert Hayes, and Mrs. Elizabeth Glenn, the last named also residing at Snow Shoe.

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JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

Bellefonte, Pa.

# Correspondence.

## Pine Grove Mills.

For quite awhile it was too wet, and of late we hear mutterings of it being too dry to plow, so that in all likelihood there will be oats to sew and corn to plant in June.

Mrs. Marion Illingsworh, of Tyrone, spent the Sabbath with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Snyder, at Bloomsdort, returning home on Monday.

Theodore Rishel, of Altoona spent several days last week at the L. H. Osman home, at Pine Hall.

J. Hale Ross and sons motored up from Linden Hall and spent Sunday afternoon at the home of his brother on the well known Major J. I. Ross farm.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Neidigh spent Sunday at the George Porter home near Birmingham.

Last Sunday Rev. W. K. Harnish preached a strong sermon on "peace" to the G. A. R. in the Presbyterian church. A full attendance greeted him.

In keeping with their old custom, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fry, of Altocna, are home for Memorial Day exercises.

Arthur Miller and his mother are down from Altoona and have opened up the old home at Baileyville during the heated spell. Mrs. Miller is doing some gardening and Arthur is fishing along the banks of rippling Spruce Creek.

Clement Dale will be the orator on Memorial Day, at 2 P. M., for the Baileyville people. He will also be the orator at Pine Hall at 6 P. M.

Squire J. H. Miller, accompanied by his grand-daughter, Armilla Weiland, left last Friday for a two weeks visit among friends at Morgantown, W. Va.

C. H. Myers last week shipped three car loads of hay, and Mrs. Mary M. Meek one car load, to the sea coast.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Houck spent Sunday at the J. F. Hoy home, near Bellefonte.

The many friends of H. V. Struble will be glad to know of his improvement. He is now able to be about and look after his farm work.

Mrs. G. H. Woods is visiting the home of her son, George, at Wilmerding.

Mrs. C. B. McCormick, while in the garret several days ago, made a mis-step backward and fell to the bottom of a stairway. She sustained some painful bruises, but fortunately no broken bones.

Hammill Glenn and wife traveled Old Tussey on Monday. Mr. Glenn looked after the sale of buggies and farm implements, while Mrs. Glenn visited with the D. R. Gregory family.

J. C. Rider, a former Ferguson township boy, now of Lamar, was circulating among the farmers recently, buying up wool.

Miss Mary Lytle is arranging for a two months visit to friends in New York and New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Goss spent Sunday at the Mac. Fry home.

W. D. Port has been visiting relatives in the Mountain City the past week.

J. H. Myers is thinking of moving to Bedford County, where he is engaged in the milling business.

Arthur Burwell spent the early part of the week with friends at Stormstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Diemer Pierce enjoyed a drive over Old Tussey and spent Sunday with friends at Charter Oak.

The M. P. Corl family are quarantined for measles.

Dr. J. B. Knitzel, of Bellwood, has been here doing some dental work.

An outbreak of hog cholera upon the premises of D. P. Henderson, in Blair County, was reported to the State Live-stock Sanitary Board, at Harrisburg, last week, some ten shoats having died. Veterinarians Nissley and Fry conferred on Monday with Mr. Henderson and a thirty-day quarantine was placed on the premises.

Mrs. J. E. McWilliams and sister, Ida, spent Sunday at the George Bell home at Spruce Creek.

After an all-winter illness, F. L. Thomas is now convalescing.

Rev. W. K. Harnish will preach the Memorial Day sermon at Pine Hall cemetery.

On Sunday evening, June 7th, at 7.30 Rev. L. S. Spangler will preach a special sermon to the three-linked fraternity. Everybody cordially invited.

## Woodward.

Mrs. Wilson and children master James and Raymond returned to their home in Aaronsburg Sunday.

A. C. Slifer is spending a few weeks in Williamsport.

Joseph Ard wife and son Ray, Misses Florence Benner and Mabel Wolfe and Earl Holtz autoed to Laurelton and Hartleton Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Silvus and baby Miss Rutherford from Laurelton spent Sunday afternoon at the home of C. D. Motz.

A. B. Meyer, and wife from Coburn visited the lady's parents Sunday evening.

Mrs. Catherman from Laurelton spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Yearick.

## Snow Shoe.

William Watson smiles. Its a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Snyder spent Sunday with the Fay's; at Hollidaysburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Harvey, of Orviston, and Mr. and Mrs. Seeds, of Altoona, were over-Sunday visitors at the T. B. Budinger home.

The many friends of Martin Hayes were sorrowed to learn of his death last Saturday morning. He made his home here with his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Glenn.

The Snow Shoe baseball team defeated Orviston in a ten inning game at Orviston last Saturday. Score, 8-7. On Saturday, next, Snow Shoe plays two games here with a Lock Haven team. A big crowd should be on hand. Snow Shoe is playing good ball, every man on the team trying to do his best.

The sympathy of the community is with Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Budinger in the loss of their little daughter, Patsy. She was a bright child and was liked by all the children.

The dance at the Snow Shoe park pavilion Saturday night was poorly attended.

The arrival of a chubby boy explains the presence of broad smiles on the face of plumber Shope.

### Mrs. Sarah Wolf Hoy Dead.

Mrs. Sara Wolf Hoy, relict of the late Joseph Hoy, died Sunday morning, last, at her home at State College from the infirmities of advanced age. She had been in frail health for some months. She was born about 82 years ago near Rebersburg, her parents, the Wolfs, being among the early settlers of that section. All of her married life was spent on the Hoy farm west of State College. Surviving are these children: Newton, residing at Pine Hall; Emory, a banker in Philadelphia, and William, of State College, at whose home she died. There survive also two sisters and a brother: Mrs. Solomon Peck, of Hecla; Mrs. Corman, of Rebersburg, and Charles Wolf, of State College. During her entire life Mrs. Hoy was an active, earnest member of the Lutheran church. Funeral services were held Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, conducted by Rev. L. S. Spangler, assisted by Rev. J. McK. Reilly. Interment was made at the Pine Hall cemetery.

## OUR WORD "GARDEN."

### In the Old Anglo-Saxon It Meant Private Inclosed Land.

We speak so freely and often of a "garden," assuming that there is some well defined common use of that word even among the authorities on gardening subjects. But the fact is that it has reached mighty elastic limits in their writings and speech and can be taken to mean anything from the enormous private parks and estates to the tin can glories of a back yard.

The word garden is from the old Anglo-Saxon root "gyrden," meaning an inclosure. At that time, due to the uncertain character of community life, it was either inclosed within fortifications or left unprotected and exposed without. This private inclosed land was the garden of that time. That is the meaning of garden in the Song of Solomon.

Gradually the sense of the word has changed to cover those parts of the land devoted to the cultivation of plants either for pleasure or for use; thus, we have the vegetable or fruit garden, and on the other hand, the wall, water or rose garden, etc.

Liberty Hyde Bailey defines a garden as "the personal part of an estate, that area which is most intimately associated with the private life of the home."

Whatever the sense in which it is used, the word "garden" always succeeds in carrying with it an atmosphere of romance and beauty, which countless ages of use cannot dim.—Philadelphia Record.

### Bright Definitions.

Here are some schoolboy "howlers" sent us by a Welsh schoolmaster:

"The principal vegetable and mineral products in America are tinned meat and borking strictors."

"The temperate zone is the region where no one drinks too much."

The English lesson is not altogether free from humor.

"The masculine of sultana is raisin; of heroine, kipped."

"The feminine of he-goat is she went; of hero, shero."

"A corps is a dead gentleman; a corpse is a dead lady."—London Tit-Bits.

### Blind Obedience.

"I have often wondered," remarked Mrs. Rogers, "how a horse feels. A horse hasn't any idea what is going to happen to him when he is harnessed. He doesn't know how far he is going or what he is going for. To be driven hither and thither, blindly, seemingly without purpose, with no idea of what it's all about or when it will be over—how must the poor creature feel—what must he think about it all?"

"I suppose," said Mr. Rogers wearily, "that he must feel just as I do when you take me on a shopping expedition with you!"—London Mail.

### Speaking of Dogs.

A dog fancier is a person who will give $1,000 for a dog with a long pedigree. A dog lover will divide his living and lodging with a dog that could not be sold for a quarter, but chances to be his friend.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If better were within, better would come out.—German Proverb.

# A Siren

### She Proved a Lure In the Right Direction

By F. A. MITCHEL

The First Congregational church of Halseyville experienced great difficulty in retaining a minister.

Indirectly the small salary was the cause of the trouble. It was but $800 a year, and no man could be found to accept it except some recent graduate just beginning, his life work. These young men were all bachelors. There was a girl in the congregation, Miss Beatrix Severance, daughter of the managing deacon, who as soon as a young man fresh from a theological seminary took up the duties of pastor began to weave about him a spell. He would gradually become devoted, then on one pretext or another would hand in his resignation and leave for another field.

A few of the parishioners who were in the secret advocated securing a married man for pastor. Acting on the suggestion, they "called" a man with a wife and six children. But the salary was so small that the more prosperous members of the congregation were continually compelled to put their hands in their pockets to help the family out. Fairs and donation parties were resorted to till at last the congregation became weary of the business. The pastor secured a call with a higher salary, and the First church returned to the old system of having a bachelor to fill the pulpit.

When the Rev. Thomas Ridgely, unmarried, stepped into the pulpit vacated by the pastor with a family, none of the congregation except a committee who had been sent to hear him preach had seen him. As he stepped forward to begin the service a few of those who understood the cause of the frequent resignations of the church's pastors looked at one another meaningly. He had fiery red hair and enormous joints, while his complexion was a freckled brown. If these persons had spoken their thoughts they would have said: "At last we have a man whom Trix Severance will let alone."

Beatrix, who was in her accustomed seat in her father's pew looking up at the minister, was of the same opinion. However, when he sent his first word rolling over the congregation it was like the lower notes of the organ. There was scarcely a member of the congregation but admitted that Mr. Ridgely possessed a resonant voice. It seemed not to make any difference whether he raised it or lowered it. the effect was the same. When he spoke in those tones that are intended to be impressive, but are usually inaudible, his most subdued note could be distinctly heard in every part of the house.

But when Mr. Ridgely began his sermon it was evident that his voice was not his principal attraction. There was a depth as well as a fervor in everything he said that went both to the understanding and the heart. For the first time in years the congregation of the First church realized that they were under a powerful influence. They listened, every eye and ear intent upon him, till he had finished; then a murmur of satisfaction broke the stillness.

When the sermon was over and the congregation were passing out of the church the hum of conversation was entirely about the new pastor. "Where did the committee pick him up?" "What does it mean that such a man will accept our little salary?" "He'll be called somewhere else within a few months." These were some of the comments made, and all were encomiums on Mr. Ridgely. But there were a few, a select few, who looked at the matter from a different point of view. With them the question was, How would Beatrix Severance stand in the matter, or would the clergyman be driven away by her as the other bachelors had been?

What were Miss Severance's thoughts or intentions no one knew, for she kept them to her own sweet self. Every Sunday she attended service, at least once, and sat listening to the clergyman's words without betraying by her expression an interest in him personally. Nevertheless the congregations soon noticed that she was weaving the same spell over him she had thrown about the others.

Then a low murmuring began to be heard against the girl, who, it was to be inferred, would drive out this gifted man. They had failed to find fault with her in the other cases, for the men were not talented and could easily be replaced. But here was a wonder who, when they lost him, could not be replaced. Indeed, there was not a member of the congregation but feared that at any moment he would receive a call elsewhere at a far higher salary than they were paying or could afford to pay him. Should Trixie Severance be allowed to deprive them of their prize?

An informal meeting of those who understood the matter was held at the house of Mrs. Deacon Stoneman, wherein it was discussed, and the result of the conference was that the deaconess should request her husband to go to Deacon Severance and ask him to warn his daughter to keep hands off the new minister. Deacon Stoneman called on Deacon Severance, and the two were closeted together for the visited her always in the morning. Whether he had an occupation she had not courage to inquire of him. Suffice she was loved, and to love is to trust, says the heroine of some best seller.

She confided in Rose, her "lady friend," a statuesque blond who circulated comestibles in a lunch room. Rose was skeptical, having proved to her grim satisfaction that the stomach route is the only way to a man's heart.

"Maybe so and then maybe not," she declared oracularly. "This romance business is all very well for them as can do without sleep. What's his name?"

"Montford," breathed Stella.

"And what for dessert?"

"Reginald McShane."

"Too flossy. Keep your eye on the cashier's desk and don't let him get by without punching his check. This Romeo game wasn't invented for us working girls. Good providers is what we need. Remember what happened to me?"

She dabbled a fugitive tear. Stella was in arms immediately.

"Monty's different. There's something about him that—er—well, you know, he's—er"—

"I know; that was Horace's weak point. I couldn't lay my finger on just what it was till he borrowed all my money one day and skipped. Does he take you out much?"

Stella flushed.

"He hasn't yet," she confessed lamely, then flared. "He—he—well, love doesn't need such things to show it's true."

"No, maybe not, but it helps some. Don't let me throw on the damper, though. I ain't saying he's not all right, dearie. I hope so, but"—

Stella burst into tears and flounced to the door.

"You're horrid," she sobbed, "and jealous. I won't listen to another word against him."

On his next visit, however, she met his advances austerely.

"When I was in Algiers," he began reminiscently, after a few well chosen and silently received words about the weather.

"There's a new show at the Lyceum they say is awfully funny." Her tone was dreamily wistful.

He sidestepped warily. "This weather reminds me a lot of Labrador."

"I haven't seen a good show for a long time," she sighed.

"Not that it's so cold in Labrador, you know, but"—

"Have you seen it?"

"What, Labrador?"

"No, the show."

"H-m! Not yet. You see, I'm very busy now nights, my dear. I—I'm entertaining a couple of English bankers this week. Very important, you know. Some time, though," he said vaguely, "we'll"— His words faded into a murmur that lost itself in the puffing of a black cigar.

She melted. Monty was important.

"Some time soon," he promised as he started to leave. "Ah, by the way"—he fumbled in his change pocket—"I forgot my money this morning. Stupid, wasn't it? Have you a dollar handy, my dear, for car fare till I get a check cashed?"

She gave it gladly, receiving a hand squeeze as the receipt.

She did not mention the circumstance to Rose that evening as they sat in the little restaurant where three course meals are exchanged for quarter dollars.

"Want to see a picture show?" Rose asked after supper. Stella agreed languidly.

They dropped into "the travelogue," where for the sum of a dime you may sit in a stuffy room and partake of all the pleasures of a jaunt around the world without the bother of officious customs inspectors or the emotional unrest of seasickness. They found seats well toward the front and opened a bag of caramels to fortify themselves against the fatigues of the journey.

The lights went out. An automaton began harassing a wheezy piano. There was a buzz of expectant whisper.

A square of white light flashed on the curtain, then the legend, "A Trip to the Orient, Personally Conducted by One of Our Lecturers." The audience repeated it to each other in low tones. A Turkish street scene appeared on the canvas.

Some one coughed in the wings. The piano's wail died off in a flowery tremolo. The whispering ceased. A husky voice proceeded from out the shadow at the left of the stage.

"Ladies and gen'l'men, tonight—hic—tonight we shall have the pleasure of leading—hic—leading you through the—the"—

There was a pause. The lecturer whispered hoarsely to some one behind him.

"Where we gonner lead 'em, Mr. Blank?"

A red and yellow mosque that was just peeping into the house stopped suddenly in its course and withdrew.

There was whispered colloquy in the shadow. Another cough.

"Ladies and gen'l'men," the voice resumed more huskily, "tonight we're going to Shpain."

"No, no, you chump!" clear and grating from behind the wings. "The orient—orient! I told you to study it. You've been drinking again!"

"'Tisn't so." The husky one was evidently aggrieved. "Ladies and gen'l'men, we've changed our minds. We're going to the orient."

A whistle sounded shrilly. The canvas suddenly went blank.

The lights flashed on blindingly to reveal an unresisting figure being dawn behind the wings from public stare.

Stella uttered a little shriek before she collapsed.

"It's Monty," she blubbered.

"No," muttered Rose tensely. "It's Horace!"


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**Bellefonte - - Pa.**

# A Wedding Tour

## It Was In an Improvised Conveyance

By JOHN TURNLEE

Billy Mudge at thirteen went to work in the freight house of the R. F. and L. railroad. Billy was a good boy, did his work well—when the circus was not in town—and was advanced from time to time till at the age of seventeen he was quite valuable to the agent in charge of the station. He was often commissioned to attend to the loading and unloading of freight and frequently gave orders as to the disposition of cars.

About this time—when Billy was seventeen—he and Molly Burnes fell in love with each other. Whether Billy first fell in love with Molly or Molly first fell in love with Billy doesn't matter, and there was probably no first about it on either side, but a natural mating, just like a pair of doves. However, since Molly was but fifteen she knew, as Billy knew, that any suggestion of marriage would result in her removal to a distant boarding school, where she would see her youthful lover only at vacation time, and then only clandestinely. So she said never a word to any one about her "affair" and cautioned Billy not to do so either.

These two youngsters had all the freedom they could have wished for, since no one dreamed that, not having quite emerged from childhood, they would plot marriage. Yet that is exactly what they did.

"Let's get married," said Billy one day.

"What'll we live on?" asked the prudent Molly.

"I have $40 a month."

"Do you have all of that?"

"Yes, I do, and next year I'll get another raise."

"But when people get married the bride must have a trousseau, and they go on a wedding tour, and all that."

"I can't do anything about a trousseau, but I think I can get passes on the road for the tour."

"But to ask for passes would give us away, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know but it would," Billy admitted doubtfully. Then an idea came into his head. It wasn't much of an idea when he conceived it, but it developed with mushroom growth, especially when he communicated it to Molly.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Why, I was thinking that there are idle freight cars in the railroad yard, and we might contrive to get a wedding journey in one of them."

"How in the world could we do that?"

"While the car is standing in the yard we might fit it up, and then I could get it coupled on to a train"—

"What kind of a train?"

"A freight train, of course. We couldn't aspire to going on a passenger train."

"Oh!"

"We could settle before starting where we would go, and I could make out the ticket for the car and put it"—

"We'll go to Wharton. Lucy Carter is there. We can see her. Maybe she'll show us some attention—give us a tea party or something like that."

"What will we need for the journey in the way of furniture? There's nothing at all in the car, you know."

"Shall we have to get our meals in it?"

"Certainly. We can't leave it till we get to the end of the route. We'd be discovered."

"So we would. Well, we'll need a cook stove. There's one in the wood house mother discarded when we got the new range."

"All right. I can take it away at night."

"And the serving table with folding legs would be handy. Old crockery will do, won't it? There's plenty in the kitchen pantry."

"We'll need something to sleep on."

"There are old bedsteads in the garret."

"I expect we'll have to be content with something easier carried than a bedstead."

"How would a hammock do? One with a"—

"A cot would be better. There's one at the station—unclaimed freight. I'll only have to carry it to the car."

"Since it's summer time we will need very little covering. How about provisions? I suppose I must provide them."

"Bring what you can. I'll buy some meat and things that can't be kept long. There's one important thing in the way that I'm afraid will block us. Who's going to marry us?"

"Oh, goody gracious! I never thought of that."

"We'll have to go to some parson who doesn't know us. I'll fool him with a false beard, and you wear a dress reaching to the floor. You look old for your age."

"Maybe I can pass for eighteen."

After this preliminary dialogue both set to work slyly to make the necessary preparations. Billy's mind being on his matrimonial scheme, his employer found it hard to get much work out of him, and, as for Molly, she appeared so innocent, was so quiet and so sweet to every one that it seemed butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Yet all this time the minx was gathering stores for her wedding journey.

The car Billy selected was an old caboose that had been converted into an ordinary box car. It had since been discarded. Billy remembered that he must seal it up and couldn't do this from the inside, so he made a trapdoor in the floor. They put the bridal outfit in the car at night when the yard was deserted. Billy took Molly out one evening, ostensibly to the circus, but really to the car. He had provided candles, and Molly, who, as her mother's assistant, had learned housekeeping, put everything in order. Then they sat down on a couple of stools, and it is questionable if any couple about to be married looking over the sumptuous dwelling they were to occupy together took more pleasure in it than these two youngsters in what was before them.

"We won't need curtains, will we?" remarked Molly. "How about light in the daytime?"

"The car's an old one. There are plenty of cracks."

"No need for a garbage can. The trapdoor will do for that—that is, unless we stop too long in one place."

"We'll be moving most of the time."

"I couldn't bring my piano, could I?"

"No; you couldn't."

"Seems to me we should have at least one window. We can't see out as it is."

"I'll tell you what I can do. I can cut a square place in the side and put hinges on it."

"Oh, do! It will be so much nicer to be able to look out and see the scenery!"

It was agreed that they would be married and return to their homes, watching their opportunity to board their car and get it coupled to an outgoing train. So one Saturday afternoon when Billy was not engaged at his work he borrowed his father's horse and buggy, and he and Molly, provided with articles necessary to make them look like a man and a woman, sallied forth and drove to a parson ten miles distant. But they failed to fool him, and he told them to go home. Molly was a bit discouraged, but Billy said:

"We'll try another parson."

They tried several, the last being old and half blind. He married them, and they returned to their separate homes. If Molly had been older she would have been in a flutter; as it was she was simply more docile than usual.

A freight train was scheduled to start at 11 o'clock at night. Shortly after the wedding, when the family were in bed, Molly stole out of her window on to the shed, dropped to the ground and made for the car. Billy was there and, after putting her in, shut the door, sealed it and ordered it attached to the train. When this was done he entered it through the trap, and he and Molly waited breathlessly till they felt themselves moving.

The next morning there was a hubbub in the Burnes family. Molly's disappearance being coincident with Billy's not turning up at the freight office was a pointer, and during the day the freight agent noticed that the place where the old car had been standing so long was vacant. Nevertheless he could not get it through his head that the disappearance of the car could have anything to do with the absence of either Billy or Molly.

However, during the afternoon succeeding the flight while consulting with Mr. Burnes over the incident he mentioned the fact of the missing car. Mr. Burnes went home and while talking over the flight with his wife mentioned the matter to her. There are some things a woman can see through a millstone better than a man.

"I wonder"— said Mrs. Burnes, then stopped.

"Wonder what?"

"Do you know that old stove in the wood house?"

"Yes."

"It's gone. I missed it this morning when I went for some kindling."

"What stupidity! How can the old cook stove have anything to do with Molly's disappearance?"

"I do believe those two children have gone off in that car."

Her husband stood looking at her in a mild sort of manner for a time, then turned and hurried back to the freight house. It was not long before a passenger train started in the direction the 11 p. m. freight had gone, and Mr. Burnes went on it. He brought up at Wharton, where he made inquiries of the agent. A yard hand who heard him said:

"I know where those children are."

"Where?"

"I won't tell unless you promise to forgive them."

Mr. Burnes objected, but finally promised.

"They're in a car in the yard. I saw a light shining through a crack and investigated.

Taking up a lantern, he led the way to the car, threw aside the door, and there were the bride and groom eating supper by candlelight on Mrs. Burnes' sewing table. The sight was too much for the father's wrath. He burst into a laugh.

"Oh, papa," pleaded Molly, "don't take us home!"

But that was the end of the wedding tour. The couple were taken home, and after many suggestions as to what was to be done a home was provided for them. Billy's salary was advanced, and they set up housekeeping in something better than a discarded freight car.

Mr. and Mrs. Mudge have a daughter fifteen years old. Her name is Molly, and her mother says she wouldn't trust her any more than she would have trusted herself at that age. She watches Molly like a cat. When Mr. Mudge asks his wife if she didn't choose wisely she replies:

"Suppose I did. I shouldn't have gone on a wedding trip in a freight car."

## HUMAN INSTINCT.

### More Potent at Times Than Reason In Directing Our Actions.

That even in man instinct is sometimes stronger than reason is illustrated by these two cases:

There had been shipped on a Mississippi river steamboat a box with a glass cover, containing a very active rattlesnake. Whenever any one approached the box the serpent would strike the cover. The owner of the reptile challenged any one to hold his finger on the glass and let the rattler strike at it. There was no danger, and it seemed an easy thing to do. First one and then another tried it, but when the snake gave its vicious spring the finger was invariably drawn back with a jerk. Instinct was stronger than reason and will combined.

A young man in Paris had lost his last sou at the gambling table. Not only was he without means, but he had lost a large sum belonging to his employer. He started for the Seine with the intention of drowning himself. On the way there was a great commotion caused by the escape of a lion from a strolling menagerie. The animal came galloping down the street, and people fled in every direction.

Instantly the man who was seeking death climbed a lamp post and clung to the top of it, trembling in every limb. When the animal was captured and the danger was over he proceeded to the river and plunged in.—Washington Star.

### Spanish Nicknames.

One of the peculiar ways in which Spanish differs from English is in the names the language gives to all people with a certain infirmity or peculiarity. A blind man is referred to as el ciego, a man with but one eye is a tuerto, a pug nosed man is chato, one who is cross eyed is a bisojo, a cojo is a lame man, and a manco has but one arm. If he is humpbacked he is a jorobado, if baldheaded a calvo, and if his hair is very short he is a pelon. The feminine titles for the same classes are the same, with the exception that they end in "a" where the masculine terminate with "o." These short names are used most commonly. In fact, they are applied as nicknames in many cases, and especially among the lower classes persons are addressed or referred to only by these names.


### A BELLEFONTE REPORT

**Fully Corroborated and Easily Investigated.**

Do you need a good kidney medicine. Then read the reports in these very columns of Bellefonte persons cured or benefited with Doan's Kidney Pills. You won't have to go far to find out if they are true. This Bellefonte case is an example. Others will follow.

"For more than a year, I suffered from a dull ache in the small of my back," says Mrs. C. Young, of Potter St., Bellefonte. "I was sore and tender and if I bent over, I could hardly get up again. I never felt able to do any housework. I had a languid feeling all the time and in the morning, didn't feel like getting dressed. I was troubled a lot by dizzy spells and the kidney secretions were unnatural. Doan's Kidney Pills had helped so many people around here with the same trouble, that I began taking them, procuring my supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. The first box cured me. It has been three years now since I have had any trouble from my back or kidneys."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Young had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

## LOCAL DRUGGIST MAKES MANY FRIENDS

Green's Pharmacy Company reports they are making many friends through the QUICK benefit which Bellefonte people receive from the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka. This remedy became famous by curing appendicitis and it is the most thorough bowel cleanser known, acting on BOTH the lower and upper bowel. JUST ONE DOSE of Adlerika relieves constipation and gas on the stomach almost IMMEDIATELY.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart therefrom."

### TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LAND FOR NON PAYMENT OF TAXES FOR 1912 AND 1913.

Agreeable to the provisions of the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act directing the mode of selling unseated lands for taxes and other purposes," passed the 13th day of March, 1815, and the further supplements thereto passed the 13th day of March, 1817, the 23rd day of March, 1831, the 19th day of March, 1845 and the 30th day of March, 1897.

I, John D. Miller, Treasurer of the County of Centre, hereby give notice to all persons concerned thereon, that unless the county, road, school and poor taxes due and remaining unpaid for the years 1912 and 1913, or for any previous years, on the following described tract or parts of tracts of unseated lands, situated in said County of Centre, be paid before the day of sale, the whole or such part of each tract of said lands as will pay the taxes and costs chargeable thereon, will be exposed to public sale or out cry, at the court house in the City of Bellefonte, in said county, commencing on the second Wednesday of June next (it being the 10th day thereof) and continuing, by adjournment from day to day, until all are sold.

| Acres Per. | Warrantee | Owners | Taxes & Costs |
|---|---|---|---|
| | **BENNER TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 120 | Hale, J.M. | M. W. Brower | $ 7.94 |
| 150 | Perdue, John. | W. B. Eckley Est. | 8.98 |
| 150 | Lane, Sarah | M. W. Brower | 13.19 |
| 300 | M'Coy, Frank. | F. P. Blair | 23.47 |
| | **BURNSIDE TOWNSHIP** | | |
| 433 163 | Bell, Wm. | M. W. Brower | 29.02 |
| 433 163 | Fox, Samuel | Kingston Realty Co. | 29.02 |
| 134 24 | Gilliland, Jas. | Dr. M. Stewart | 11.12 |
| 5-6 of 433 163 | Hall, Chas. | Jas. A. Beaver | 15.95 |
| 100 | Harris, Henry. | Dr. M. Stewart | 5.92 |
| 362 | Harris, Benj. | Dr. M. Stewart | 24.64 |
| 466 | Hoover, John. | Dr. M. Stewart | 27.34 |
| 70 | Nicholson, Jno. | Mrs. S. J. Boak | 5.22 |
| 73 | Wheeler, Hen. | Dr. M. Stewart, Kingston Realty | 7.35 |
| 433 163 | Wallace, J.J. | Co. | 29.02 |
| | **COLLEGE TOWNSHIP** | | |
| 364 | Johnson, Ross. | Theodore Boal | 23.1[illegible] |
| | **CURTIN TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 305 19 | Atwood, N.L. | Mat. W. Brower | 21.00 |
| 71 | Curtin, Rol. | Mat. W. Brower | 7.14 |
| 200 120 | Carscadden, D.R. | J. Mann | 14.66 |
| 104 | DeHaven, Pet. | Dunlap & Williams | 8.96 |
| 114 | Evans, Cad. | Dunlap & Williams | 9.50 |
| 415 | Gilbert, Wm. | Centre Brick & Clay Co. | 39.08 |
| 294 | Godfrey, Mar. | W. C. Heinle | 20.09 |
| 169 | Godfrey, J.W. | R. J. Mann | 12.92 |
| 433 163 | Hale, Thos. | C. E. Confer | 58.49 |
| 433 | Kelso, Reb. | Centre Brick & Clay Co. | 40.43 |
| 100 | Kelso, Jos. | Mat. W. Brower | 8.72 |
| 400 | Long, J.Z. | W. C. Heinle | 26.19 |
| 200 | Palmer, John. | W. C. Heinle | 14.60 |
| 160 | Willis, J W. end | Centre Brick & Clay Co. | 21.57 |
| 1-5 of 160 | Willis, Jon. | Mary S. Fearon | 5.36 |
| | **FERGUSON TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 298 | Anderson, J. | J. Watt Miller | 25.34 |
| 25 | Anderson, J. | McNitt Huyett Lumber Co. | 4.98 |
| 87 127 | Barnett, Jos. | J. Watt Miller | 7.04 |
| 50 | Barnett, Jos. | McNitt Huyett Lumber Co. | 6.37 |
| 65 | Buckbee, Is. | Jean Miller | 8.22 |
| 83 | Duncan, Sam. | McNitt Huyett Lumber Co. | 59.30 |
| 37 | Homer, B.Jr. | Jean Miller | 5.92 |
| 114 | Homer, B., Jr. | C. T. Aikens | 7.29 |
| 100 | Hall, John. | John B. Isett | 5.90 |
| 147 | Hill, Henry | John B. Isett | 12.37 |
| 62 116 | Kohlmyer, G. | J. Watt Miller | 6.48 |
| 178 | Manly, Hen. | Jean Miller | 20.15 |
| 329 | Mosley, Rich. | Jean Miller | 20.97 |
| 36 | M'Kean, Jno. | C. T. Aikens, Tyrone Mining & | 4.52 |
| 26 47 | M'Cull'gh, T. | Mfg. Co. | 5.82 |
| 265 | Nice, Geo. & Jno. G. | W. Miller & E.L. | 8.67 |
| 372 | Risk, Chas. | John B. Isett | 21.62 |
| 25 | Rainey, Robt. | John B. Isett | 4.52 |
| 160 | Smith Bros. | John B. Isett | 12.37 |
| 150 | Unknown | Jean Miller | 8.67 |
| 212 | Unknown | G. W. Miller | 8.67 |
| | **GREGG TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 172 128 | Carson | W. C. Heinle | 8.49 |
| 110 | Mosby, Jac. | W. C. Heinle | 7.57 |
| 50 | Unknown | Brown Estate | 4.15 |
| | **HAINES TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 359 | Antis, Hen. | W. C. Heinle | 15.45 |
| 135 | Cowley, H.B. | W. C. Heinle | 7.54 |
| 181 | Fees, Jacob | W. C. Heinle | 9.29 |
| 100 | Gratz, Simon. | Henry Isenhour | 6.45 |
| 437 108 | Hartman | Isaac Feinberg | 10.38 |
| 288 | Henry, Jas. | Wm. Vonada | 22.66 |
| 106 | Lowry | Mat. W. Brower | 6.[illegible] |
| 228 | Mosby, Wm. | W. C. Heinle | 19.78 |
| 125 | Unknown | L. V. Gillian | 7.26 |
| 75 | Unknown | L. V. Gillian | 5.78 |
| | **HALFMOON TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 40 | Bryan, Sam'l. | G. W. Miller | 7.36 |
| 172 | Hill, Henry | John B. Isett | 20.52 |
| 8 10 | Holl'gsw'th, L. | George Rider | 3.44 |
| 162 | Unknown | Hopher Houch | 10.12 |
| | **HARRIS TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 100 | Hoffman, Wm. | W. C. Heinle | 6.8[illegible] |
| 50 | Irvin, John | T. Boal Davis | 5.01 |
| 50 | Irvin, John | H. S. Taylor | 5.98 |
| | **HOWARD TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 104 63 | Brady, John | W. C. Heinle | 8.81 |
| 104 63 | Brady, John | W. C. Heinle | 11.55 |
| 415 | Godfrey, Mar. | Calista Wilcox | 26.46 |
| 415 | Godfrey, Mar. | W. C. Heinle | 26.46 |
| 415 | Godfrey, Mar. | W. C. Heinle | 26.39 |
| 136 | Harris, A.D. | D. T. Allison | 12.05 |
| 50 | White & Nestle | Mat. W. Brower | 5.85 |
| | **HUSTON TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 40 | Burley, Jac. | D. J. Gingery & J. Q. Miles | 9.83 |
| 433 163 | Price, John | W. C. Heinle | 50.52 |
| 231 | Moore | Mat. W. Brower | 18.52 |
| 433 163 | Wheel'd, J. | W. C. Heinle | 60.52 |
| | **LIBERTY TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 65 | Hamilton, A. | Robert Cole | 7.32 |
| 166 | Hayes, R. & J. | D. S. Bechdel | 8.22 |
| 50 | Parsons, T.C. | Robert Cole | 6.12 |
| 100 | Packer, Job. W. | W. C. Heinle | 9.30 |
| 10 | Unknown | W. C. Gardner | 4.64 |
| | **MARION TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 100 | Laird, Mat. | W. L. Cook | 12.62 |
| 41 | Lingle, J.J. | H. S. Taylor | 5.44 |
| 18 120 | Lamb, David | H. S. Taylor | 3.89 |
| 13 | M'Kin'y, J.M. | Geo. Kauffman | 8.05 |
| 24 | M'Kin'y, J.M. | Sam. Eby Est. | 7.95 |
| 338 107 | Miles, Jas. | Moses Thompson | 16.55 |
| 53 | McCalmont | W. C. Heinle | 5.53 |
| 50 | Unknown | D. T. Allison | 5.06 |
| 200 | Unknown | W. C. Heinle | 10.91 |
| 60 | Yeager, Sim. | W. L. Cook | 4.26 |
| 60 | Yeager, Sim. | W. L. Cook | 4.26 |
| ½ of 199 | Zantz'ger, P. | H. S. Taylor | 6.92 |
| | **MILES TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 123 | Barton, Wm. | W. J. Weist, Trust | 12.46 |
| 100 | Benson, Pet. | Realty Estate | 10.73 |
| 156 66 | Derr S. & J. Stahl | Chas. B. Kline | 10.73 |
| 156 60 | Derr S. & J. Stahl | W. C. Heinle | 10.73 |
| 405 | Housel, Wm. | W. C. Heinle | 48.81 |
| 80 | Kreamer, Pet. | Keen, Alexander & Jamison | 6.08 |
| 400 | Lake, Rich. | W. J. Weist, Trust | 33.58 |
| 410 | Miles, Thos. | Mat. W. Brower | 18.73 |
| 75 | Toner, Thos. | W. C. Heinle | 6.82 |
| 13 45 | Unknown | W. W. Gates | 3.66 |
| 100 | Unknown | W. C. Heinle | 6.82 |
| 44 | Unknown | W. C. Heinle | 4.60 |
| | **PATTON TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 148 20 | Burton, Robt. | M. Thompson | 14.40 |
| 30 | Burton, Robt. | Mrs. S. T. Christ | 5.24 |
| 148 | Diehl, Adam | A. E. Thompson | 14.40 |
| 69 | Diehl, Thos. | A. E. Thompson | 7.56 |
| 21 | Diehl, Nich, sr. | W. H. Thompson Sr. | 4.29 |
| 50 | Diehl, Nich. sr. | W. H. Thompson Jr | 8.13 |
| 150 | Diehl, John | Eliz. T. Hamilton | 9.15 |
| 20 | Diehl, Adam | S. T. Christ | 5.24 |
| 150 | Diehl, Nich. sr. | S. T. Christ | 20.31 |
| 30 | Diehl, Nich. sr. | Jas. I. Thompson | 11.09 |
| 108 | Diehl, Nich. sr. | John I. Thompson | 15.40 |
| 65 | Diehl, Nich. sr. | John I. Thompson | 10.54 |
| 7 | Diehl, Nich. sr. | John Homan | 5.45 |
| 9 | Diehl, Nich. sr. | Geo. F. Miller | 5.45 |
| 10 | Diehl, Nich. sr. | Dan. I. Thompson | 4.97 |
| 95 | Ellis, Wm. | M. Thompson | 6.66 |
| 65 | Grove, Robt. | Moses Thompson | 5.56 |
| 60 | Kline, John | Jas. I. Thompson | 14.50 |
| 160 | M'Kean, Rob. | M. Thompson | 15.26 |
| 10 | M'Kean, Rob. | Eliz. T. Hamilton | 4.60 |
| 202 | O'Brian, Jno. | M. Thompson | 18.43 |
| 165 | White, John | M. Thompson | 22.00 |
| 121 53 | West, Thos. | M. Thompson | 23.76 |
| 55 | Wilson, Wm. | M. Thompson | 5.18 |
| 40 | Unknown | T. M. Huey | 6.87 |
| 59 139 | Unknown | S. E. Welland | 8.67 |
| 10 | Unknown | Luther Strouse | 4.97 |
| | **PENN TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 150 | Hamilton, T. | W. C. Heinle | 8.16 |
| 304 89 | Kennedy, And. | W. C. Heinle | 13.61 |
| 1½ | Unknown | A. L. Auman | 3.47 |
| | **POTTER TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 60 100 | Felmelee, M. | B. D. Brisbin | 4.38 |
| 40 | Unknown | W. M. Grove | 2.96 |
| 400 | Harrison, W. | Mat. W. Brower | 20.55 |
| 400 | Levy, Dan'l. | Grove & Smith | 20.55 |
| 70 | Peck, Jas. | Mat. W. Brower | 6.10 |
| 400 | Smith, Dan'l. | I. Wittenberg | 11.52 |
| | **RUSH TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 140 | Allison, And. | J. A. Beaver | 160.98 |
| 265 | Allis'nA&JLlil. | A. Beaver | 420.23 |
| 390 110 | Arthur, Ann | W. C. Heinle | 37.32 |
| 394 117 | Arthur, Thos. | P. Gray Meek | 71.52 |
| 433 | Britches, Is. | F. P. Blair | 41.18 |
| 456 | Brackbill, J. | Harris & Gray | 42.88 |
| 319 153 | Butcher, L. | F. P. Blair | 30.95 |
| 200 | Burg, John | W. C. Heinle | 20.17 |
| 200 | Copenhaver, J. | Mat. W. Brower | 20.66 |
| 250 | Copenhaver, J. | Mat. W. Brower | 25.03 |
| 250 | Copenhaver, J. J. | K. Johnston | 25.03 |
| 311 | Eberman, P. | W. C. Heinle | 30.43 |
| 300 | Erskin, Thos. A. | Chas. Smith | 29.29 |
| 50 | Grove, Eliza | T. G. McCausland | 5.12 |
| 121 152 | Grove & M'Kea | T. G. McCausland | 12.80 |
| 434 | Grant, Thos. | W. C. Heinle | 41.18 |
| 433 153 | Hair, C. Jr. | Harris & Gray | 79.07 |
| 433 153 | Hand, John | Harris & Gray | 41.18 |
| 433 153 | Huber, John | Harris & Gray | 41.18 |
| 426 164 | Hair, Christ. | Harris & Gray | 40.28 |
| 433 163 | Hair, David | Harris & Gray | 41.78 |
| 431 100 | Harris, J.P. | W. C. Heinle | 41.18 |
| ¼ of 433 153 | Irvin, Robt. | Harry Boulton & J. Benson | 11.82 |
| ¾ of 433 153 | Irvin, Robt. | W. A. Christ heirs | 29.12 |
| 313 106 | Lowden, Jno. | Harris & Gray | 30.81 |
| 433 163 | Lee, John | W. C. Heinle | 41.18 |
| 368 147 | Lathrop, W.A. | W. C. Heinle | 35.40 |
| 120 80 | Libby, John | Mat. W. Brower | 13.59 |
| 50 | Long, A.B. | W. C. Heinle | 7.37 |
| 163 | Malone, Rich. | F. P. Blair | 17.34 |
| 294 163 | Malone, Rich. | F. P. Blair | 34.94 |
| 433 153 | Miller, Robt. | W. C. Heinle | 41.09 |
| 433 153 | Miller, Jacob. | Harris & Gray | 41.18 |
| 433 153 | Miller, Jacob. | Harris & Gray | 41.18 |
| ¼ of 433 153 | Morgan, R.B. | H. Boulton & J. Benson | 10.14 |
| 433 153 | Miller, J.J. | C. H. Elliott | 37.72 |
| ¾ of 433 153 | Morgan, P.B. jr | W.A. Christ heirs | 23.52 |
| ¾ of 433 153 | Musser, John. | W.A. Christ heirs | 29.12 |
| 433 | Miller, Jane. | Realty Estate | 41.09 |
| ¼ of 433 153 | Peters, Rich. | H. Boulton & J. Benson | 11.[illegible] |
| 177 84 | Philips, Hard. | Mat. W. Brower | 18.82 |
| 201 153 | Pin, George | W. C. Heinle | 29.29 |
| ¾ of 433 153 | Peters, Rich. | W.A. Christ heirs | 29.12 |
| 38 | Robison, W.H. | T. G. McCausland | 4.64 |
| 36 | Robison, W.H. | T. G. McCausland | 4.58 |
| 432 | Reigart, A. | Harris & Gray | 41.09 |
| 433 153 | Rohrer, Christ. | Harris & Gray | 41.18 |
| 218 80 | Rainey, Rob. | F. P. Blair | 22.15 |
| 433 153 | Schenck, And. | Harris & Gray | 110.62 |
| 433 153 | Schenck, C. | Harris & Gray | 61.78 |
| 433 153 | Schenck, M. | Harris & Gray | 41.18 |
| 247 | Steck, Jacob | Harris & Gray | 24.80 |
| 167 7 | Slough Geo. | Harris & Gray | 17.79 |
| 433 153 | Siddens, E. | T. H. Litz & R Jackson | 41.18 |
| 432 | Smith, Mary. | J. W. Thomas | 20.44 |
| 433 153 | Spear, John | W. C. Heinle | 41.18 |
| 433 153 | Turner, Han. | Realty Estate | 41.09 |
| 153 153 | Turner, Jas. | Mat. W. Brower | 17.18 |
| 433 153 | Turner, Jas. | W. C. Heinle | 41.09 |
| 433 153 | Turner, Jas. | W. C. Heinle | 41.09 |
| 30 | Unknown | Womelsdorf & Dunkle | 5.12 |
| 100 | Unknown | Womelsdorf & Dunkle | 15.12 |
| 313 106 | Witmer, Jno. | Harris & Gray | 46.28 |
| 433 153 | Welsh, Jos. | Mary B. Avery | 20.48 |
| 193 | Witmer, Hen. | Edward French | 19.96 |
| 80 | Witmer, Hen. | J. A. Bilger | 17.15 |
| 250 | White & Pars. | Mat. W. Brower | 25.04 |
| 433 | Wharton, K. | F. P. Blair | 41.09 |
| 359 | Wilson, Wm. | Harry Boulton | 17.48 |
| | **SPRING TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 100 | Harris, J.D. | W. I. Miller | 7.92 |
| 419 | Johnson, J. | W. C. Heinle | 23.88 |
| 92 102 | Thornberg, T. | W.B. Eckley, Est. | 7.60 |
| 259 | Toole, Henry | W. C. Heinle | 15.48 |
| 100 | Wilson, Wm. | Elwood Brooks | 14.28 |
| 25 | Wilson, Wm. | J. N. Royer | 4.83 |
| 15 | Kurtz, J.L. | H. S. Taylor | 4.21 |
| | **SNOW SHOE TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 325 | Banks, Wm. | W. C. Heinle | 33.27 |
| 287 80 | Carscadden, D. | Realty Estate | 29.52 |
| 100 | Carscadden, D. C. E. | Confer | 12.39 |
| 412 | Carscadden, D. W. | C. Heinle | 41.31 |
| 433 | Devling, Jos. | F. P. Blair | 43.30 |
| 412 44 | Carscadden, D. | Realty Estate | 41.31 |
| 1-5 433 163 | Fisher, J.C. | Mary S. Fearon | 21.22 |
| 1-5 433 163 | Fisher, S.W. | Mary S. Fearon | 21.22 |
| 350 | Hall, Peter | W. C. Heinle | 35.52 |
| 12 | Lucas, D. sr. | D. B. Lucas | 4.26 |
| 21 | Lucas, D. sr. | J. I. Lucas | 5.37 |
| 450 | M'Lan'han, S. | Mat. W. Brower | 60.37 |
| 400 | M'L'ghlin, H. | H. J. Krishel | 21.12 |
| 450 | M'Lan'han, S. | Joseph Salzman | 34.62 |
| 400 | Martin, Alex. | Mat. W. Brower | 40.20 |
| 200 | Rogers, K.A. | Jul. H. Seymour | 23.37 |
| 400 | Rogers, K.A. | Jul. H. Seymour | 30.12 |
| 225 | Rogers, Fred. | Jul. H. Seymour | 17.76 |
| 300 | Reily, Job. | W. C. Heinle | 37.68 |
| 360 160 | Pim, Hugh | W. C. Heinle | 44.59 |
| 433 | Parker, Geo. | W. C. Heinle | 62.74 |
| 216 | Parker, Jere. | W. C. Heinle | 32.77 |
| 433 | Parker, Geo. | W. C. Heinle | 62.74 |
| 433 153 | Spear, Marg. | F. W. Crider | 48.12 |
| 433 163 | Summers, A. | C. E. Confer | 49.83 |
| 260 | Th'pson, J.P. | W. C. Heinle | 27.20 |
| 433 163 | Summers, A. | C. E. Confer | 49.83 |
| 100 | Unknown | Hugh Ward | 7.62 |
| 100 | Unknown | Pat Ward | 7.62 |
| 36 | Unknown | Kelley Bros | 6.36 |
| 33 | Unknown | Pat Ward | 4.61 |
| 86 128 | Wahn, Phoe. | Mary S. Fearon | 20.73 |
| 277 36 | Wharton, M. | T. A. Mann | 35.23 |
| | **TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 76 | Anshults, G. | J. W. Thomas | 5.75 |
| 100 | Beck, Jacob | Mat. W. Brower | 10.52 |
| 35 | Beckwith, C. | Mat. W. Brower | 5.71 |
| 309 | Bush, Jas. | J. H. Brumbaugh | 13.62 |
| 30 | Beckwith, C. | Mat. W. Brower | 5.34 |
| 200 | Burg, Wm. | W. C. Heinle | 18.40 |
| 100 | Bell, J.C. | W. C. Heinle | 10.76 |
| 80 | Beck, Jacob | W. C. Heinle | 9.04 |
| 400 | Bell, Wm. | Joseph Salzman | 16.72 |
| 100 | Cowher, Jas. | Geo. W. Marks | 10.76 |
| 433 153 | Copenhave, J. | W. C. Marks | 36.19 |
| 80 100 | Hoover, John. | Mat. W. Brower | 9.04 |
| 161 | McEwen, T. | Mat. W. Brower | 10.52 |
| 433 153 | M'Comm'd, T. | W. L. Hicks | 53.54 |
| 216 156 | McEwen, P. | W. C. Heinle | 27.87 |
| 424 | McEwen, H. | Mat. W. Brower | 35.51 |
| 424 | McEwen, P. | Mat. W. Brower | 35.51 |
| 100 | Moore, Jas. | Mat. W. Brower | 10.72 |
| 10 | Fowler, J.T. | W. L. Hicks | 4.82 |
| 58 | Bechdel, Jno. | J. K. Jhonston | 7.42 |
| 200 | Carr, Jas. | W. C. Heinle | 18.40 |
| 48 | Fox, James | Rockaway Wilson Co. | 6.82 |
| 136 | Ridgeway | Budd & Co. | Mat. W. Brower | 13.48 |
| 96 142 | Shenick, Jno. | S. W. Woomer | 9.58 |
| 433 163 | Snyder, Bar. | W. C. Heinle | 36.28 |
| 433 | Pruner, E.J. | Jos. H. Lobell | 17.84 |
| 438 | Thomas, J.W. | J. W. Thomas | 18.01 |
| 128 | Thomas, J.W. | J. W. Thomas | 7.47 |
| 100 | Thomas, J.W. | J. W. Thomas | 6.52 |
| 119 | Thomas, J.W. | J. W. Thomas | 7.16 |
| 433 153 | M'Cormick, T. | W. C. Heinle | 36.28 |
| 61 127 | Unknown | Wil. G. Frantz | 5.34 |
| 34 | Unknown | D. O. Downing | 6.52 |
| 33 | Unknown | D. O. Downing | 6.52 |
| 434 | Williams, P. | Mat. W. Brower | 35.89 |
| 100 | Wilson, Wm. | F. P. Blair | 10.75 |
| 434 | Williams, P. | W. C. Heinle | 35.89 |
| | **UNION TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 382 | Clark, Wm. | F. P. Blair | 27.65 |
| 150 | Hall, Robt. | Wm. Wright Jr. | 31.85 |
| 159 146 | Mann, Harv. | F. P. Blair | 13.35 |
| 433 153 | Wister, Wm. | F. P. Blair | 30.31 |
| | **WALKER TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 62 39 | Evans, Jesse | Isaac Markle | 6.92 |
| 73 | Lingle, J.J. | H. S. Taylor | 5.89 |
| 145 | Miles, Sam'l | Moses Thompson | 16.02 |
| 500 | M'Ewen, H. | W. C. Heinle | 15.00 |
| 50 | Piles, Benj. | H. S. Taylor | 5.04 |
| 59 | Swanzy, Wm. | G. T. Walker | 6.54 |
| 59 | Swanzy, Wm. | W. C. Heinle | 5.40 |
| 4 22 | Wick'sham, A. | Moses Thompson | 3.28 |
| 30 | Wick'sham, A. | Isaac Markle | 4.26 |
| 12 | Wilson, Rob. | H. S. Taylor | 3.57 |
| | **WORTH TOWNSHIP.** | | |
| 223 | Hawthorn, J. | Eller & McKinney | 9.58 |
| 150 | Laird, A.B. | A. B. Laird | 7.47 |
| 100 | Unknown | W. C. Heinle | 9.12 |
| 155 | Wining, Wil. | Wilbur Wining | 7.62 |

### SEATED LIST

**Returned by the several Tax Collectors**

**Treasurer's Sale June 10, 1914**

| Acres | Name | Township | Taxes & Costs |
|---|---|---|---|
| 38 | William Mayes | BOGGS | $ 15.72 |
| | Emily A. Littlefield | " | 113.02 |
| | Elwood Swyres | " | 4.37 |
| 200 | Daniel Parrell | CURTIN | 47.12 |
| 85 | Do Do | " | 7.80 |
| 60 | Joseph Packer | " | 11.37 |
| 217 | Burdine Butler | " | 22.02 |
| 15 | Howard Brick Co. | HOWARD | 246.72 |
| 15 | Ellen Leitch | " | 39.66 |
| 11 | Samuel Leitch | " | 15.38 |
| 333 | A. W. Swisher Est. | HUSTON | 36.13 |
| 17 | Elizabeth Woods Est. | " | 11.95 |
| 2 | Isaac Reigle, | LIBERTY | 3.72 |
| ¼ | Kessinger Gert. & Geo. | WALKER | 6.28 |
| | McCaleb Joseph Heirs | " | 41.51 |
| | C. Perry McCaleb | " | 9.42 |
| | Kessinger Gertrude | " | 5.98 |

JOHN D. MILLER, Treasurer.

## A NOTE IN SCHOOL.

**Did You Ever, on the Sly, Either Slip One or Receive One?**

Did you ever get a note in school?—from a boy?—from a big boy? I suppose there are other experiences in life that are comparable to this, but certainly there is nothing else at that time which combines the same elements—dramatic, embarrassing, gratifying, triumphant, delicious, queer. Not that there was anything in such a note—the outside, as the missive first came to view, was much more thrilling than the contents.

But the very sight of it—pencilled on rough bluish scratch paper, and ragged edged and rumpled—as it was flipped across an intervening space or offered slyly behind a geography or dropped on the desk as the writer went up to the A spelling class, gave a sensation not to be duplicated in any later years.

The contents, I regret to say, were insignificant, negligible. It is to be hoped that the big boy learned more about the art in time. But the mere fact of getting such a note, of having it written to yourself, of forecasting the contents, of having the other girls see you get it, all that in addition to the exciting fear that the teacher might see—once she made a girl read a note out loud!—filled the moment with peculiar emotion.—Margaret Lynn in Atlantic Monthly.

**Obstinate.**

Fred—What kind of fellow is he? Ned—If you should tell him that seeing was believing he wouldn't look.—Judge.

How poor are they that have no patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?—Shakespeare.

## A FAMOUS REPLY.

**The Cynical Comment Made by Sweden's Greatest Chancellor.**

The career of Axel Oxenstjerna is a proud chapter in the history of Sweden. In 1611 Oxenstjerna became the chancellor of the Swedish empire, under Gustavus Adolphus, and much of the glory that befell the reign of that remarkable monarch was due to "the masterly diplomatic ability, great courage, resource and moderation" of his prime minister.

For in the days of Oxenstjerna Sweden was one of the "powers" of Europe, and the Swedish dominion for a time extended over Prussian territory. During the entire period of the Thirty Years' war in Europe, Sweden, through the instrumentality of her "mighty man in peace," maintained an enviable place in the council of nations.

And when in 1648 negotiations for a general continental agreement began at Osnabruck the Swedish chancellor appointed his own son, Johan, as the Swedish representative. The son expressed his distrust of his ability to properly serve his country in so responsible a capacity. To this natural diffidence of youth the father made his famous reply:

"Dost thou not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed?"

**Gave Him Variety.**

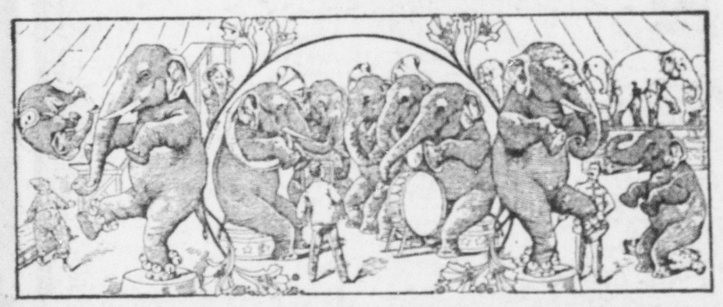
"How is your rheumatism this morning?"

"Rather better."

"Has the pain disappeared, then?"

"No, but it has shifted to a new place, and that gives me something of a rest."—Philadelphia Record.


# KIT CARSON'S
# BUFFALO RANCH WILD WEST
AND
## TRAINED WILD ANIMAL EXHIBITION.



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**THE LARGEST WILD WEST SHOW ON EARTH**

COMING DIRECT ON THEIR OWN SPECIAL TRAINS OF DOUBLE LENGTH RAILROAD CARS FROM THE BIGGEST RANCH IN THE WORLD.

**Menagerie of Trained Wild Animals**

From all parts of the Globe. Daring and death defying acts almost beyond the realms of lucid imagination.

A COSMOPOLITAN COLLECTION OF COWBOYS AND GIRLS, VANQUEROS SENORITAS, GUARDIS RURALES, CHAMPIONS OF THE LARIAT, ROUGH RIDERS, PONY EXPRESS VETERANS, DARING ATHLETES, COMICAL CLOWNS, THRILLING INDIAN FIGHTS AND WAR DANCES.

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WATER PROOF CANVAS. CANNOT LEAK.

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**BIG FREE EXHIBITIONS on Show Grounds immediately after the Parade**

**BRING IN YOUR BAD HORSES AND MULES**

Our Cowboys will ride them FREE OF CHARGE.

# BELLEFONTE
## AFTERNOON AND NIGHT
# Thursday, June 4th.


## IMAGINARY MILLIONS.

**Money Myths That Hover About England's Chancery Court.**

Most people seem to think that there are countless and vast fortunes in chancery waiting to be bestowed upon their proper owners. This, as a matter of fact, is purely a myth, and how it arose if is impossible to say.

"We are supposed," said an official of the pay office recently, "to have the estate of a man named Hoffman, valued at £18,000,000, and we are repeatedly receiving inquiries—almost always from Poland—but we know nothing of the estate." Another estate with which the pay office has nothing to do—that of the great Sir Francis Drake—is also the subject of many questions.

In all there are 3,838 estates in chancery, but the value of the largest is not more than £7,000. And, so far from many millions, the paymaster of the supreme court of judicature has only £1,250,000 in his hands awaiting claimants. A large proportion of this money, moreover, has been lying unclaimed since the early part of the eighteenth century.

If you think you are entitled to any of this money you should first study the official list at the law courts and then make a formal claim. But, it may be said, it very rarely happens that such applications prove successful.—London Answers.

## PASSING OF ST. HELENA.

**Made Famous by Napoleon, the Island Appears to Be Doomed.**

When the great French emperor died in exile in 1821 there was probably a wish buried deep in his Corsican heart that the island which had been the scene of his humiliation might be wiped from the face of the seas.

Whether or no such a curse was ever cast upon the island, it is certain that St. Helena is doomed if not to extinction at least to become an uninhabitable rock. With the advent of steam navigation the island ceased to be a regular port of call, so that its always scanty exports dwindled almost to the vanishing point; plagues of insects destroyed its vegetation; rats, brought thither by foreign vessels, multiplied and overran its soil until the government was compelled to offer a bounty of a penny for every rodent captured. Then the English garrison, which had been practically the sole source of income to the inhabitants, was withdrawn, and the needs of the natives became desperate.

Then, as if this series of misfortunes was not enough, the termite—that curse of tropical and semitropical countries—invaded the island and will unless controlled reduce the city of Jamestown to a pulp of sawdust.—New York Independent.

**Possibilities Overlooked.**

He was a suburban garden faddist, who innocently bored all his friends by asking them down for week ends and showing them around his 2 by 4 estate. Just now it was Brown from the office. He showed him his three rose trees, his pocket shrubbery, his half inch fountain jet with its little basin and pair of goldfish. He showed him his summer house, which would accommodate two people at the same time.

"Never know what you can do with a bit of ground till you try!" said the host gleefully.

"Quite so—quite so!" returned the visitor. "But why don't you take a strip off the flower bed—say about six inches wide—turf it over and make it into a blooming golf links?" — New York Post.

**Wagner and Beer.**

Signor Angelini Giustiniani, who traveled specially from Rome to Baireuth in order to be present at the first performance of "Parsifal" July 26, 1882, gave an account of his impressions in the Rassegna Contemporanea. He was surprised at seeing Wagner drive up to the theater "in a carriage which also conveyed a large barrel of beer perched conspicuously on the box seat by the side of the driver. This was carried into the theater, presumably with a view to slaking the thirst aroused in Wagner and his friends by the performance of his masterpiece."—London Chronicle.

**Two Queer Epitaphs.**

Near Salisbury plain, in England, is the grave of one William Button. His epitaph runs:

Oh, sun, moon, stars and ye celestial poles!
Are graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes?

Which is not as clever as this epitaph which a famous New York dentist composed for himself:

Stranger, approach this grave with fitting gravity.
Here lies a dentist—filling his last cavity.

**Missing Opportunities.**

"I have no patience with a man who makes the same mistake twice," said Armes, rather severely, in speaking of an unfortunate friend.

"Neither have I," agreed his wife, "when there are so many other mistakes to make."—Youth's Companion.

**Missed His Chance.**

Hank—Yes; Kelley's been under bonds to keep the peace for some time. Bill—I wish I'd known. I've missed several fine chances to call him a liar.—Kansas City Star.

**Banish Your Worries.**

Cut out the fear of things that never happen and you will be able to reduce your troubles 90 per cent.—Chicago News.

The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity.—Cervantes.


**To Enjoy the Popular Dances.**

The feet must be free from pain. Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular, Allen's Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it rests the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample, Address

DISTRICT MANAGER with ability to secure sub-agents for a wonderful invention embodying six new patented points, placing our Portable Gasoline Lamp on a par with electricity. Agents coining money. Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co., Lansing Mich.

**The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE**

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

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Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

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FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

**What Did He Mean?**

Dr. Stanley Coulter says the shortest and sweetest introduction he ever had to an audience was by a student at Cornell university. Said this young man concisely, "I do not have to speak many words to introduce Dr. Coulter, for he is too well known already."

"I never could make out just what that student meant," said Dr. Coulter.—Indianapolis News.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25 and 50c at all stores.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels will lead to chronic constipation Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

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**Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.**

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1904, trains will run as follows from the P. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

| | WESTWARD. | 1 A. M. | 3 A. M. | 5 P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lv. | Bellefonte | ‡ 6.30 | ‡ 10.15 | ‡ 2.00 |
| | Coleville | 6.35 | 10.0 | 2.07 |
| | Morris | f 6.38 | ..... | f 2.11 |
| | Stevens | f 6.43 | ..... | f 2.17 |
| | Hunters Park | f 6.46 | ..... | f 2.21 |
| | Fillmore | f 6.50 | f 10.34 | f 2.26 |
| | Briarly | f 6.55 | ..... | f 2.33 |
| | Waddles | 7.00 | 10.45 | 2.35 |
| | Krumgrine | f 7.12 | ..... | f 2.50 |
| | State College | 7. 5 | 11.10 | 3.20 |
| | Strubles | f 7. 7 | ..... | ..... |
| | Bloomsdorf | f 7.31 | ..... | ..... |
| | Pine Grove Mills | 7.35 | ..... | 3.40 |

* Daily, ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

| | EASTWARD | A. M. | 4 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lv. | Pine Grove Mills | 7.35 | ..... | f 3.20 |
| | Bloomsdorf | f 7.40 | ..... | ..... |
| | Strubles | f 7.45 | ..... | 3.30 |
| | State College | 8.00 | 12.00n | f 5.05 |
| | Krumrine | f 8.07 | ..... | f 5.00 |
| | Waddles | 8.20 | 12.00 | f 5.25 |
| | Briarly | f 8.24 | ..... | 5.37 |
| | Fillmore | f 8.28 | f 12.28 | f 5.35 |
| | Hunters Park | f 8.31 | ..... | f 5.40 |
| | Stevens | f 8.35 | ..... | f 5.40 |
| | Morris | f 8.37 | ..... | f 5.40 |
| | Coleville | 8.40 | 12.40 | f 5.50 |
| | Bellefonte | 8.50 | 12.50 | f 4.00 |

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

P. H. THOMAS, Supt.


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**CHICHESTER S PILLS**
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

**FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE**
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

# Here and There.

Mrs. Ollie Miller, of Pittsburg, is visiting with friends in town.

The local police are out today in their new summer uniforms of brown.

Mrs. William Etters is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Claude Thompson.

Miss Lizzie Kelley will leave on Sunday for Pittsburgh, to attend to shopping.

Miss Helen McClure returned home Wernersville last Saturday, owing to illness.

Miss Mary McGarvey departed on Tuesday to visit with friends in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Mott entertained with cards on Monday evening at her home on Bishop Street.

Mrs. Howard Dry, of Tyrone, is visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Barlett.

Miss Abbie Cook left on Wednesday for Kansas City where she will resume her duties as a nurse.

Mrs. George Levan, of Altoona, recently spent several days here with her sister, Mrs. Robert Irwin.

Mrs. Edward Franks, of Pitcairn, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton.

Deputy Recorder Earl Orr and his sister, Miss Mary E. Orr, visited over Sunday with friends in Lock Haven.

Judge Seibert, of the 45th District, a brother of Dr. J. L. Seibert, is presiding specially over court here this week.

G. S. Reinoehl, of Harrisburg, and K. C. Raup, of Williamsport, Bell Telephone Co. district managers, spent Tuesday in Bellefonte.

Kit Carson's Buffalo Ranch Big Three-Ring Wild West Circus will exhibit at Bellefonte on Thursday June 4th, afternoon and night.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Plum, of Newton, Kansas, are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter on May 27th, and which has been named Annie Fox Plum.

Rev. C. W. Winey, of Connellsville, accompanied by H. L. Krepps, also of that place, spent several days this week trout fishing along Spring creek.

Professor H. C. Rothrock, of Boalsburg, was among the delegates to the Centre County Sunday School Association convention in Bellefonte on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Memorial services will be held by Bellefonte Lodge No. 357, Knights of Golden Eagle, and also Queen Temple, in the lodge hall on Friday evening. The memorial address will be delivered by Rev. Mr. Fulcomer. The public is cordially invited.

Professor C. L. Gramley, of Rebersburg, was in town this week in attendance upon the convention of the Centre County Sunday School Association, of which body he is one of the officers. While in town he found time to greet his numerous friends. The big Professor apparently regards his failure to win a renomination at the recent primaries for the Assembly at Harrisburg as an incident of no particular consequence. He feels that he endeavored to faithfully represent his constituents at Harrisburg and that in so doing he repaid those who honored him with their support two years ago.

A case in which W. T. Lego, of Fowler, was interested, was scheduled for trial in court early in the week but was postponed until yesterday's list, owing to the death of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Wilson W. Laird, of Tyrone. Mr. Lego came to town on Monday morning but returned home on the noon train, the postponement of the case having been arranged meanwhile. He was accompanied by D. O. Downing, an active Republican and well known citizen of near Port Matilda. Like many other Republicans, Mr. Downing regards present conditions as forecasting Republican triumph at the polls next November.

A bang-up game of baseball is scheduled for today at 2 o'clock at the new Hughes athletic field, on East Bishop Street, between the Academy and Juniata College teams. Juniata's nine is made up mainly of semi-professionals and consequently puts up a first-class game of baseball. The Academy boys expect to put up the best game possible and hope to win. Let there be a large crowd on hand. Admission 25c. Last week the Academy played against three of the strongest college and school teams in western Pennsylvania and in each case made a fine showing. In a game on Friday with the strong University of Pittsburgh team the Academy held their opponents down to a 6--1 score. Kennedy pitched a star game for the Academy. On Thursday the Academy lost out to the Indiana Normal team, 4--1, which was a surprise to the crowd because of the remarkably fast game being played by Indiana this season. On Saturday the Academy played St. Vincent College, at Bestty, losing out 5--3. The two teams were well matched, the St. Vincent pitcher tightening up and getting better as the game progressed and the Academy being unable to hit when hits would have counted. The Academy took a lead of 2--0 in the early innings but St. Vincent finally managed to win out. This season's schedule is the hardest ever arranged for the Academy, but despite the calibre of the opposing teams the local boys have made a very creditable showing.

Claude Cook was a business visitor to Pittsburgh on Wednesday.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings entertained with cards on Monday evening.

David J. Gingery, of Martha, was a business visitor in town between trains on Tuesday.

Miss Mary Potter, of Linden Hall, died last Friday and was buried on Tuesday at Centre Hall.

Mrs. Robert Fay, of Altoona, visited here on Tuesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Merv S. Betz, of Jacksonville, with two sturdy boys, Harold and Teddy, were shopping visitors in town on Saturday.

Academy minstrels tonight and tomorrow night at Garman's Opera House. Bigger and greater than ever. Don't miss it. Street parade today at 5 P. M.

The chart is open at Parrish's drug store for seats for the Academy minstrels, tonight and tomorrow night. Don't put off getting your seats until the best ones are taken.

W. W. Keichline will have public sale of his household goods at his home, 49 South Water Street, opposite the Big Spring Garage, on Wednesday, June 3d, at one o'clock.

Miss Margaret Scanlon and Alfred Hartle were united in marriage on Tuesday morning at St. John's Catholic church. The good wishes of a host of admiring friends go with the happy couple.

J. Mac. Heinle, electrician, handles all kinds of electrical supplies, including G. I. Tungsten lamps, and takes contracts for wiring in residences and buildings for electric light, heat and power. Bell phone, 261-W.

The Street Committee of the borough Council this week had removed the hump at the lower crossing on High Street, at Spring, thereby doing away with an annoyance to automobilists and others. The crossing has been relaid to conform with the street grade.

Rev. W. M. B. Glanding, pastor, of the Bellefonte Lutheran church, on Saturday afternoon, last, officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Eliza Ann Mosser, at Lock Haven. The deceased was a member of Mr. Glanding's congregation during his pastorate of St. John's English Lutheran church, at Lock Haven.

Mrs. Ellen Kellegher, of Tyrone, mother of Joseph Kellegher, yardmaster at Bellefonte for the Pennsylvania Railroad, was last Saturday removed to the Clearfield hospital for an operation to relieve an ailment of the stomach. Word from Clearfield is to the effect that she passed through the operation in splendid shape and is now recovering nicely and with every assurance that she will soon be restored to her old-time health.

The Bellefonte High School baseball team last week won a game and lost one. On Friday Coach Gilligan's team defeated the Lock Haven Normal reserves, 8—1. On Saturday the locals lost out to State College collegians, 11—7. Both games were played on the home grounds. On Saturday afternoon, next at 3.30, on the home grounds, the High School will play State College High. A good game is ahead and a large crowd should be on hand. On June 6th the High School will play Lock Haven Normal reserves, at Lock Haven.

J. Mac. Heinle, who has gained an enviable reputation for efficiency in wiring residences and buildings for electric lighting, heat and power, has located permanently in Bellefonte, with an office and workshop in the Lyric Theatre building, at the corner of Allegheny and Bishop Streets. He has on hand all kinds of electrical supplies, and makes a specialty of G. I. Tungsten lamps. He is equipped to handle contracts for wiring in residences and buildings. Prompt and satisfactory service guaranteed. Bell phone, 261-W.

Few persons travel the distance to decorate a grave that John W. Gingery, a former Centre Countian, does each year Mr. Gingery now resides at South Brownsville, Pa. He arrived here on Saturday night to look after the lot and decorate his wife's grave in the Emerick cemetery, beyond Snow Shoe Intersection. The trip was made particularly for this purpose. Last year he again made the trip, expecting to secure flowers on arriving here, only to be disappointed This year he guarded against any such disappointment by carrying with him from South Brownsville a basket of pretty flowers that will remain in bloom at the Emerick cemetery for months to come.

The street parade with the Kit Carson Buffalo Ranch Big Three-Ring Wild West Circus, which takes place on the morning of day of exhibition, has several hundred men, women and horses in line; the plain, the prairies, the pampas and steppes are represented; Indians, warriors, squaws and pappooses, guides, hunters, trappers scouts and cowboys; rough riders mounted on bucking bronchos, buffalo, elk and long-horn Texas steers. Daring western girls, handsome Indian princesses, bright eyed senoritas from Mexico, the old-fashioned stage coach, and many other decided features too numerous to mention. You are sure to enjoy every minute of it and we advise you to be on hand early so as to miss none of it. The music by the five big bands will alone be enough to repay you, especially that of the Buffalo Cowboy Ranch which is world famous.

### Troop L Wants Horses.

Troop L. Third Squdron Cavalry, William H. Brown, Captain, stationed at Bellefonte, will go into camp at Selinsgrove about July 18th. This will be the first camp for the new Troop, which was until recently Company L, Twelfth Infantry. All the men of the Troop are practicing riding. Capt in Brown stated that he would hire all the horses for the Troop in Centre County. Any one having horses for hire will communicate with him. Horses will have to be delivered to Bellefonte in time for shipment, and will be away for eight or nine days. In case of accident to horses while on this trip the actual value will be paid to the owner by the State. Horses should weigh from 950 to 1100 pounds. The work of remodeling the Armory is being pushed as rapidly as possible and when nnished Troop L will have the finest headquarters, for both social and drill purposes, of any in the State.

### Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ovis L. White, Sarah A. Diehl, | Geneva N. Y. Howard. |
| Miles L. Billett, Anna L. Barlett, | Bellefonte. State College |
| Geo. H. Koon, Ruth T. Huey, | State College Fillmore |
| Harry B. Ulrich, Grace C. Musser, | Spring Mills " |
| Edward M. Dullen, Mabel A. Butler, | Nittany Howard |
| Altos C. Hartle, Margaret G. Baney, | Bellefonte " |

### Fred Leathers Weds

Frederick Leathers, of Howard, and Miss Florence E. Snyder, of Lock Haven, were married at noon on Wednesday in the parlors of the Park Hotel, at Williamsport. The bride's pastor, Rev. A. L. Miller, of Lock Haven officiated. Following an extended wedding tour Mr and Mrs. Leathers will reside at Howard.

### Rev. Barry Resigns Pastorate.

Rev. F. W. Barry has resigned as pastor of the Centre Hall Lutheran charge. The resignation becomes effective the middle of June. He has accepted the pastorate of the St. John's church, Cumberland, Maryland.

### Landlord Shawver Stricken.

I. A. Shawver, proprietor of the Millheim hotel, was stricken with paralysis while in bed at his home. His right side side was affected, and for several days he was scarcely able to speak. He has since partially recovered.

### Fire at Osceola.

The large residence of William H. Miller, at Osceola, was totally destroyed by fire last Friday afternoon. Most of the household goods were saved.

### Lecture on Suffrage.

Mrs. Sarah Forbes-Robertson Hale, well known in suffrage circles, interested a rather large audience in the Court House last Saturday night. As the sister of the noted actor, Forbes Robertson, her appearance in Bellefonte was looked forward to with considerable interest by local advocates of equal suffrage. To those who had not given the subject much thought her explanation of its origin and development was both entertaining and instructive. Mrs. Hale traced the growth of the movement and in a crisp, chatty way told of some notable achievements of women.

### Death of Renovo Editor.

Robert L. Bierly, proprietor of the Renovo Evening News and a former resident of Lock Haven, died last Friday afternoon at Karthaus. His death was due to tuberculosis and followed an illness of about six months. Deceased was aged 35 years, was a member of the Lutheran church and also a member of Renovo Lodge No. 595, I. O. O. F. While a resident of Lock Haven he was a member of Company H, National Guard.

WANTED—Well cured Rock Oak Bark. P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte; Pa.

**NOTICE!**

Now is your time to buy a Raincoat. As I have decided to discontinue the handling of Rain Coats I will close out the balance of my stock at cost.

D. I. WILLARD

HIGH ST. BELLEFONTE, PA.

**SCHOOLBOY WANTED**

For stead, summer, part-time. easy work. Must be bright, neat y dressed and under fourteen years of age. Give references and mention date and hour when parent wi come with boy for interview. Good pay. Splendid training. Write to Box 25, The Republican Office.

### Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Chas. C. Orndorf et al to Warren E Hosterman, tract in Haines Twp. $114.

J. J. Orndorf heirs to Waren E. Hosterman, tract in Haines Twp. $185.

Daniel J. Benner et ux to Calvin D. Haines, tract in Haines Twp. $480.

Gertrude Else to Charles K. Korman, tract in Milesburg. $2100.

Heirs of Jacob Yearick to Ida M. Bitner, premises in Marion Twp. $1.

Ira M. Rishel et ux to J. M. Ross et ux tract in Boalsburg. $465.

John J. Fisher to Mary J. Wykoff, tract in Liberty Twp. $53.

Samuel D. Wykoff to Mary Jane Wykoff, tract in Liberty Twp. $1.

Annie R. Benner et bar to John O Eisenhuth, tract in Harris Twp. $3884.88.

Robert M. Homan et al to Jessie Shaffer, tract in Walker Twp. $289.

Chas. Kurzenknab et al Exrs. to Simon R. King, tract in Penn Twp. $20.

John McMonagle to Daniel McMonagle tract in Taylor Twp.

### Cattle Shipper Fined.

Charged by the State Livestock Sanitary Board with bringing cattle into Pennsylvania from Ohio illegally, D. E. Stambaugh, of Sharon, Mercer County, was ordered to pay a heavy fine and costs by the local court.

With the exception of cattle for immediate slaughter, all bulls, cows and heifers above the age of six months, are required when brought into Pennsylvania to be accompanied by a health certificate.

In discussing the case State Veterinarian, Dr. C. J. Marshall, said that other dealers in that section will be prosecuted for violating the inter-state cattle law.

### Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice for the week ending May 23d, 1914:

Miss Margaret Hibbard, Paul C. Heisey, Clarence Heitman, Eugene W. Hutton, Miss Catherine Miller, Frank Strickler, H. S. White, Francesco Bizziti. When called for please say advertised.

**CAUTION**

**LOOK BEFORE YOU ACT.**

Don't pay out your hard cash until you have consulted with the leading Farmers' Supply Store, because we are at very little expense—we eat at our own table and sleep in our own bed, and can give you the benefit of the saving in traveling expenses. Of course, we cannot give goods away, and we must have a small margin in keeping with the quality of the goods.

We handle everything of the very best make, from Plows and Harrows, Grain Drills, Corn Planters, Cultivators and all of the leading tilling implements. We have the Brookville Wagons as a specialty, also Buggies on orders. Just incidentally we might mention Cutting Boxes and Corn Shellers, Plant and Garden tools. Are you interested in seeds? We have Red Clover, Mammoth Clover, Alsike Clover and Alfalfa Seed, also Field Peas, Millet and Timothy Seed. These seeds are all of the very best obtainable. Then we have Chick Grit and Charcoal, Flax Seed Meal, Metal Hog Troughs, Galvanized Water Troughs, Sprayers and Spray Materials and Seed Potatoes. Perhaps you are in need of Fertilizers. If so, just come in and get exactly what you need and want. We have a warehouse just for fertilizers alone, and it is for your accommodation. We have both phones. Telephone your wants and you'll find us on the job. Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting a fair share in the future, I remain,

Truly yours,

**John G. Dubbs,**

Bellefonte, - - - - Penna.

**DECORATION DAY**

**Snappy New Summer Models for Men and Young Men**

Now for those new snappy summer suits—here they are—a series of fresh, crisp new individualized summer styles, in a remarkable variety of fabrics. They are the cleverest models we have ever received from this famous house.

Individualized styles for men, cut with all the necessary dignity that a man wants in his clothes and yet with a certain style touch which lifts them right out of the ordinary.

For young men, models with just a little more "go" and "swing." And remember this—these ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES are the clothes that hold their shape.

**"English Finish" Blue Serges, Too**

We ordered a special quantity of the new ADLER-ROCHESTER English Finish Blue Serges, "Gold Bond" Label.

These are the blue serge suits that sell at $20.00 everywhere, and these are the suits that a custom-tailor cannot imitate under $40.00.

We don't care what your size is—what your age is—we have an individualized Adler-Rochester model that will take you right out of the rut of ordinary dressing—that will give you that "thoroughbred" look.

**These special blue serges at $20.00**

We have priced the other new Summer models at

**$10— to $30—**

**Outing Trousers in Flannel and Serges and all the latest styles in Straw Hats from $1.00 to $5.00.**

**Montgomery & Co.**

ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES